

7298  
T A L E S,  
A P O L O G U E S,  
A L L E G O R I E S, V I S I O N S,  
E P I G R A M S, E P I T A P H S,  
H I S T O R I C A L F A C T S,  
A N D A N E C D O T E S:  
I N V E R S E.

---

By WILLIAM WALLBECK.

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*Ecce rubet quidam,—pallet,—stupet,—oscitat,—odit,  
Hoc volo: nunc nobis carmina, nostra placent.*

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L O N D O N:

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MDCCLXXXVIII.

THE

APOLLO

ALLIANCE





## P R E F A C E.

WHEN I prepared the first sheets of this little Volume for Press, I intended it as a sort of *Supplement* to the *Fables* I published last year: and began with amassing, from ancient and modern Authors, suitable Subjects; in which, however, Brutes should no longer usurp the privilege of Speech; and much less Trees, or inanimate Things.

I set out with the Running Title,—*Tales, Apologues, Allegories, &c. &c.* but on looking over my own scattered, scribbled Leaves, I met with so many *Epigrams*, told Story-wise, I resolved upon incorporating them with the present Work: which ought, therefore, to bear the Title of ‘*TALES, AND EPIGRAMS.*’

It happened to me much in the same manner when my ‘*Fables*’ were at Press. I intended at first to insert only such as I had written *in imitation of* LAFONTAINE; as the Running Title set forth. But, tiring, (as I usually do before half a work is finished,) I wished to bring it to a conclusion, and therefore inserted several other *Fables* written many Years before I was acquainted with LAFONTAINE.

Such an incongruity was not likely to escape the notice and animadversions of such as read only for the

the pleasure of finding fault. And though I was so fortunate as to have the approbation of the most respectable public Critics, the little Wits would carp. I myself overheard One say—"The Fables  
 "are very good Fables, but they are good for  
 "nowt (*Eboracè*) because they are not LAFON-  
 "TAINÉ'S." Which notable Remark (for I cannot call it Criticism) was as if a Refiner should say, of a Piece of Money,—“It is good gold, and full  
 “weight, but it is of no value, because I cannot find  
 “out the Mint Mark.” How would such a Fellow deserve to be treated? Ought one to laugh at him for a *Fool*,—or damn him for a *Knave*?

THE Custom of presenting Guests with a bill of fare,—that is,—of acquainting the Reader, by Preface, what sort of Entertainment he is to meet with in the Book, has so generally obtained, that it would look like affectation not to conform to it.

OF the *Tales* some are entirely my own, and some are mere Translations: but, in general, I have done no more than copy the Outlines from others, and filled them up myself. ‘*De alieno liberalis sum.*  
 ‘*Quare autem alienum dixi? Quicquid bene dictum est*  
 ‘*ab ullo meum est.*’

Very far from being ashamed of having appropriated the Thoughts of Others to my own use, I  
 have



## P R E F A C E.

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have all along made a boast of it, by setting the Names of my Benefactors at the head of every Article: except to the first eleven Numbers; which were printed off in a hurry. But the names of even those Originals will be found along with the rest in the general Index. In two Instances I could not recollect my Authority, and have left Blanks after the word *From*; which the Reader, perchance, may be able to fill up.

In like manner I have distinguished those *Epi-grams* which are not my own, from those which are. And, where the Originals were very short, (as they usually are in that compressed Language, the Latin,) I have given the Originals also. More particularly because I have as often paraphrased, as translated them.

For those which I have not borrowed from written Books, I have been beholden to Nature. The subjects are taken from the Volume of Mankind: from Characters which have fallen under my own Observation.

As I profess to have drawn many Portraits from the Living, it is probable that the malicious Folk of my neighbourhood will fancy Likenesses, and point at some or other of their Acquaintance. It may be necessary, therefore, to premise, that, not only most  
of

of them were sketched out some years since, and at distant places, but many of them *abroad*.

Human Nature, however, being in all Counties, and all Countries, pretty much the same, it will not be surprising, if the Fool's-Cap cut out for one head, should fit another. In which case I give the Person full leave to wear it.—Only, let him not think I intended it for *him*.

- ‘ *What Woman in the City do I name,*  
 ‘ *When that I say—the City-Woman bears*  
 ‘ *The cost of Princes on unworthy shoulders?*  
 ‘ *Who can come in, and say that I mean her,*  
 ‘ *When such a one as Sbe, such is her Neighbour?*  
 ‘ *Or, what is He of basest function,*  
 ‘ *Who says his bravery is not on my cost,*  
 ‘ *Thinking that I mean him: and therein suits*  
 ‘ *His Folly to the mettle of my Speech?*  
 ————— ‘ *Let me then see wherein*  
 ‘ *My tongue has wrong’d him. If it do him right,*  
 ‘ *Then he hath wrong’d himself. If he be free,*  
 ‘ *Why then my taxing, like a wild goose flies*  
 ‘ *Unclaim’d of any Man.*

SHAKESPEARE.

E R R A T A.

Page 49.—For ‘ 28th,’—read ‘ 27th.’

— 80.—For ‘ shrew’—read ‘ shrewd.’

TALES.



T A L E S,  
A P O L O G U E S,  
A L L E G O R I E S,  
V I S I O N S, &c.

PART THE FIRST.

*THE BACHELOR INCLINED TO MARRY.*

**A** BACHELOR of forty-five  
Thought it was almost time to wive;  
That he might get (if not too late)  
A Son and Heir to his estate.  
Anxious, however, not to wed  
A woman that would *comb his head*,  
By various stratagems he strove,  
Before he took a Wife, to prove  
If she were worthy of his love.

B

His

His love, indeed, as love was worth  
Little as any Man's on earth.

He who has solitary lived  
Till forty, unattach'd, unwived,  
A fusty, stale *Old Bachelor*,  
Is not worth Dames contending for:—  
Unless, indeed, on Fortune's score.  
That Goddess's caprice is such,  
Some have too little, some too much.  
Our Bachelor, for instance; he  
Had Stocks, and landed property  
Too much: whilst many folk about  
The neighbourhood were quite without.  
In short he ruled with lordly sway;  
And, like the Turk, might any day  
Have thrown his handkerchief, and chosen  
A Wife; or if he would, a dozen.

Of all the neighb'ring Dames, there were  
But two for whom he seem'd to care.  
And they such fav'rites were, that he  
Grew fond of Women's company;  
Regretting he had lost of life  
So great a part without a Wife.  
One was a Widow, old and staid;  
The other was a frisky Maid

Of



Of five and twenty : not for him  
Fit paramour ; as it should seem.

Inclined tow'rds each of them, he courted  
Both : with either toy'd and sported ;—  
Or both at once : nor were they jealous :  
(The Sex are not—about old fellows.)  
Besides, they privately agreed,  
Whichever of them should succeed ;  
And wed the wealthy Bachelor,  
T' other should be provided for.

One day they found the Squire at home  
In humour wond'rous frolicksome ;  
Laughing like Momus :—but at what—  
Momus may know ;—for I do not.  
I guess, however, that the theme  
Was wedlock ; and it tickled him :  
For he began to jest upon  
Widows and Virgins ; first with one ;  
And then with t' other : wishing both  
Good Husbands ;—if they were not loth.

Adding withal,—*That for his part*

*' He loved them each with half a heart.—*

*' They had the whole betwixt them. Could*

*' He marry both, he gladly would.*

*' Nor should he be at all afraid*

*' Such gentle Dames would—comb his head.'*

THE Maiden said,—“ She did not know  
 “ What that quaint phrase alluded to:—  
 ‘ *Combing his head.*’—But any one  
 “ Sure would be glad to have it done  
 “ By Ladies’ hands. That even He  
 “ Would for such honour grateful be.  
 “ And, apropos, she thought his hair  
 “ Seem’d to require some little care.  
 “ And, since they were in mirthful mood,  
 “ They’d comb it for him: that they wou’d.”

THE Matron seconded the jest:  
 Insisting that he should be drest,

‘ *Well, Ladies, if it must be so,*  
 ‘ *I yield me without more ado:*  
 ‘ *Except, indeed, this one request:*  
 ‘ *Let not my hair be over drest.*  
 ‘ *There’s nothing I abhor, you know,*  
 ‘ *So much as being made a Beau.’*

THIS matter settled; they began  
 Forthwith to comb the Gentleman:  
 Who, seated ’twixt the formal, staid  
 Old Matron, and the blithe young Maid,  
 Look’d, as—(the Print you may have seen,)—  
 Our Actor GARRICK placed between

THALIA



THALIA and MELPOMENE.

(Immortal REYNOLDS, pardon me  
Burlesquing thus, by simile,  
As excellent a Piece\*, as you,  
Or any Artist, ever drew.)

THE younger had not comb'd him long  
Ere she perceived *grey hairs* among  
The black ones mix'd: which she pluckt out  
Sans ceremony by the root.

' Out; out: (she said) detested hairs!  
' This grizzle makes you seem in years.  
' My Husband, whosoe'er he be,  
' Must not look like a *Dad* to me.'

" And *mine*—(replied the Elder One)—  
" My Spouse shall not look like my *Son*."

Which saying, she began to pull  
The *black hairs* out. That, soon his skull,  
Betwixt them, had been laid quite bare,  
Had he not, ere they went too far,  
Got up. And making each a bow;  
' *Ladies*, (says he,) *we'll leave off now*.

\* Admirable as are all SIR JOSHUA's Paintings and Designs,  
I have always considered this particular Piece, (GARRICK be-  
twixt TRAGEDY and COMEDY,) as one of the best efforts of his  
genius: the Engravings after which, should the Painting itself  
*perish*, will eternalize the Artist.

' But

' But never sure can I repay,  
 ' The obligations of this day.  
 ' What obligations, Sir?' (said One.)  
 And t'Other vow'd "She knew of none."

' Your thoughts unwittingly express'd,  
 ' Just now, the while my hair you dress'd:  
 ' I overheard: and lay great stress on  
 ' Your words. I thank you for the LESSON.  
 ' He who is mad enough to mate  
 ' One of years disproportionate,  
 ' Will find it was a vain, fond whim,  
 ' To think she would conform to him.  
 ' For He must, on the contrary,  
 ' With her in every thing comply:  
 Ev'n to his looks. So, Ladies, cannot I.  
 ' I've lived so long a Bachelor,—a Bachelor I'll die.'





N<sup>o</sup> II. GENIUS, VIRTUE, REPUTATION.

**I**N sev'nte'n hundred eighty-four,  
 GENIUS, VIRTUE, REPUTATION,  
 Met, and agreed to make the tour  
 Of BRITAIN, still their fav'rite nation.

' But left, in crossing heath or wood  
 ' By night, we should each other lose;  
 (Says One of them;)—' I think 'twere good  
 ' To name a place of rendezvous.'

" *Westminster Abbey*—let it be;  
 (Said GENIUS:) " there we will rejoin.  
 " And you'll be sure to meet with me,  
 " Weeping o'er LOCKE's or NEWTON's shrine."

• Why should it be amongst the dead?  
 (Cries VIRTUE.)—' Let us meet at *Court*:  
 ' Where GEORGE and CHARLOTTE take the lead  
 ' In worth; and Millions love them for't.'

" *You Two* (says REPUTATION) *may*  
 " Meet again; should ye chance to sever.  
 " But I,—alas!—if once I stray  
 " From the right path,—I'm lost for ever."

N<sup>o</sup> III.

N<sup>o</sup> III.

## FRIENDS ARE SCARCE.

WHEN SOCRATES a House erected,  
 The carping Wits—(as was expected)  
 Found fault with it. ‘The *Plan* (says One)  
 ‘Is wretched; and the *Work* ill done.’

“Gods! (says a Second) What a *Front*!

“No *Pediment*.—No *Statues* on’t.”

A Third exclaims:—“Observe the *Wings*:

“What clumsy, ill-proportion’d Things!”

One fault there was, in which they all

Agreed:—“The House was much too *small*.”

Of which when the Philosopher was told;

‘The House is *small*: ’tis true: (says He.)

‘But, oh! how happy should I be,

‘To have as many *FRIENDS* as it would hold.’

Nº IV.

THE DISCONSOLATE WIFE.

**A** Sick, old Man had lain so long a bed,  
That, quite worn out, he wish'd that he were dead.  
Wringing her hands, and weeping bitterly,  
His Wife exclaims;—'Nay; Love; you shall not die.  
'Never; no, never, Dearest, will we part.  
'The thought of losing you would break my heart.  
'If one must go, Death rather me shall take:  
'And you shall live for our sweet Baby's sake.  
'May Heav'n prolong your precious life, I pray:  
'And, in your stead,—let Death take me away.'

DEATH, who invisible stood near the bed,  
Appear'd forthwith at hearing what was said:  
And scared (as well the hideous Monster might)  
The Lady. But, recov'ring from her fright  
Somewhat, she curt'sied low; and,—'Sir, (says she,)  
'What is your name?—What may your bus'ness be?'

"My name is DEATH: You call'd me: lo! I come  
"At your express command to take you home."

At my command, Dread Sir? (rejoin'd the WIFE.)  
'You have mistaken me, upon my life.

C

'I'm



' I'm full of health ; and young withal ; you see :  
 ' What has your Majesty to do with me ?  
 ' I am not weary of this World. I pray  
 ' You'll let me yet a little longer stay.—  
 ' But,—you may take this *sick, old Man* away.'

}



Nº V.

## ON AN IGNORANT PHYSICIAN.

**W**HAT says that homicide——*M. D.* ?  
*He doctor'd me when I was ill ?*  
 In proof he ne'er attended me,—  
 You see, my friends,—*I'm living still.*



Nº VI.

N<sup>o</sup> VI.THE COUNTRYMAN IN QUEST OF HIS  
DROWNED WIFE.

AS Vixen MADGE walk'd out one day,  
Half fuddled,—as her Neighbours say,—  
She fell into the river TAY. }

    PLOUGHSHARE, her Hub, who pass'd his life  
In terror of his scolding Wife,  
*Next morning* went——(He had no mind  
To go too soon) her corpse to find.  
The reason hen-peck'd folk may guess;  
But I will tell it ne'ertheless;  
Because there may be Husbands some,—  
Many, I hope,—who blest at home  
With quiet, good, domestic wives,  
Would or prolong, or save their lives.  
But, PLOUGHSHARE, 'twas a thing notorious,  
Had little cause to be uxorious:  
Therefore he would not *hurry*, lest  
Her Soul should not be yet at rest:  
That is,—for fear she should be found  
*But* suffocated, not quite drown'd.

And should she fall into the paws  
 Of Doctor LETTSOM, Doctor HAWES,  
 Or any of that '*Cruel Crew* \*'  
 Who restore Wives their Husbands to,  
 Or Husbands to their Wives:—rich Dons,  
 Or jointur'd Dames, to needy Sons.—  
 Should MADGE be rescu'd from the Stream,  
 They would, without consulting him,  
 (A plague on such officious fellows!)  
 Out with their instruments, their bellows,  
 And pumps: by suction, and by pulsion,  
 Bring on hysterical convulsion;  
 And having work'd at her till tired;  
 And done at last what they desired;  
 They'd send her packing to her house,  
 With their best compliments to Spouse,  
*Wishing him* (most provokingly)  
*Joy of his Wife's recovery.*

PLOUGHSHARE, for fear of that, deferr'd  
 The seeking her; as you have heard:

\* *Cruel Crew*] (Burlesque apart,)—'*HUMANE SOCIETY*.'  
 The Reader must be as dull as a Dutchman, or as malicious as a  
 Demon, if he should misconstrue any thing I have said, into slight  
 of that excellent Charity, or disrespect for its Institutor, and Pro-  
 moters; every one of whom deserves a civic crown,

And



And went to bed a widower;  
Not sorry to be rid of her.

Next morn, in no great haste he rose,  
And leisurely put on his cloaths:  
Breakfasted well; as he was wont:  
Then took his staff; and leaning on't;  
Like one not knowing what to do:  
He mused:—then said,—‘ It must be so.’  
And oped the door, as if to go.

But shut it; and came back again,  
To give some orders to his Men,  
On farming matters: telling them,  
‘ The Ball Horse must not go to team;  
‘ Nor the Bay Mare: the others might,  
‘ And if they got all done by night;  
‘ The muck well spread o’er all the stubble,  
‘ He’d give them something for their trouble.’

His hand again upon the door,  
He oped it;—but return’d once more,  
To tell the Cook—(beshrew the Glutton!)—

‘ He’d have some Capers to the Mutton.  
‘ And charged her to take special care  
‘ She did not over-roast the Hare.  
‘ But baste it well.—And, harkee, NELLY:  
‘ Put a nice pudding in the belly:—  
‘ And don’t forget the currant-jelly.’

THESE

THESE things of consequence dispatch'd,  
He thought of MADGE again; unlatch'd  
The door; and tow'rd's the TAY he bent  
His steps; much musing as he went.

Though much he meditated on  
MADGE, whom he hated less since gone,  
He loved her not enough to mourn  
Her fate; or wish for her return.  
Besides; too good a Heathen \* he  
To wish to alter the decree  
Of Heav'n: not so devoid of sense  
T'arraign the ways of Providence,  
He doubted not but JUPITER \*  
Had properly disposed of her;—

Of

\* Though the mention of JUPITER, and other Ethnic Names and Phrases, in modern Stories, may seem incongruous,—I shall use them whenever there is mention, or implication of supernatural agency, in any Tale, or any part of a Tale, which has a burlesque turn. I would not at such times be thought even to glance at that great, tremendous, awful and holy Power, which VOLTAIRE dared to speak of as falsely as familiarly. Nor would I, indeed, for the reputation of Wit ten thousand times as brilliant as VOLTAIRE'S incur his impious character.

Authors daily arise, whose conceit carries them so far as to make them think they are the most profound and enlightened Philosophers of any age: and they set at nought all the systems of religion, not excepting the revealed one. Vanity has pretty deep root in all of us: but one would think Self-preservation should have a stronger hold.

Of her immortal part: and he  
Would to her body's burial see,  
Should it perchance recover'd be.

}

PLOUGHSHARE thus full of spousal love  
Left MADGE's better part to JOVE,  
And sought her worse. With solemn pace  
He drew towards the fatal place  
Where she, as was suppos'd, fell in;  
For thereabout she last was seen:  
And at the time she disappear'd  
A splashing in the stream was heard,  
Almost as loud as when a Whale  
O'ersets a Vessel with its Tail:  
For Madam was Dutch-built; her Stern  
Was very broad;—from what I learn.

PLOUGHSHARE examin'd well the spot,  
And all about; but found her not.  
' She must be to the bottom gone,  
' And stuck; or floated further on.'

hold. If he is not a downright Madman, he is the worst of fools, or the worst of scoundrels, who by weakening our religious faith, would destroy the best bond of society, and thereby endanger the temporal and eternal happiness of all Mankind.

I shall make no apology to the Reader for this, or any other serious Notes. On the contrary I shall be glad if a many, not looking for religious instruction in a work under a comic title, should benefit by it.

From



From seeking her at *bottom* He  
 Begg'd of himself excus'd to be.  
 He never ventured in a River;  
 Being no Swimmer; and a Diver  
 Of the worst sort; for should he go  
 Down, he must live or die below.

Of course he rested all his hope,—  
 Or fear,—with finding her at top:  
 For if she should be under water  
 He knew no means of getting at her.

On finding her howe'er intent,  
 Still to his proper element  
 He kept: nor would attempt the stream,  
 He said, till Nature furnish'd him  
 With fins; and taught him how to swim. }

He did no more than walk along  
 The River's bank, and search among  
 The reeds and rushes for her. But,—  
 What must seem singular, no doubt,—  
 He did not take the River's course,  
*Downwards*,—but *up*,—towards the source.

A Man some time had noticed him  
 Seeking for MADGE against the stream;  
 But could not long refrain from speaking.  
 “ Good *Maister* PLOUGHSHARE, if you're seeking

*Mistress's*

" *Mistress's* Corpse,—Heav'n help your wit,—

" You are not like to meet with it.

" I've notic'd you, you've searching been

" *Above* the place she tumbled in.

" Methought that every Blockhead knew—

" Water runs *down* the hill. But, you,

" Reputed wife, have now giv'n proof,

" You are no better than an Oaf."

• Good *Maister* SHARPWIT, do not flout:

• Trust me, I know what I'm about.

• Had it been other than my Scold

• Were drown'd, your argument would hold.

• But having pass'd one half my life

• With such a Termagant to Wife,

• I know her humour well. The Shrew

• *Living* no laws submitted to,

• Which to evade was possible;

• Not even Nature's. Who can tell,

• But MADGE—(as odd as it may seem)—

• Though *dead* may strive to go against the Stream?"



N<sup>o</sup> VII.

## THE POETASTER AND THE POET.

ONE of those wretched Scribblers who recite  
 To every person every thing they write,  
 Meeting with POPE, said,—‘*Brother Poet*, do  
 ‘ Give your advice, which of these Poems two  
 ‘ You’d have me publish?’—And began to read  
 A part of one. POPE stopt him;—“There’s no need  
 “ To waste your breath. Enough, enough, my Brother:  
 “ You read *that* well: but, prithee, print *the other*.”

N<sup>o</sup> VIII.

## CUPID AND DEATH.

WHEN JUPITER ordain'd that Man should die  
 CUPID was sent to Earth in company  
 With DEATH; in order that he (CUPID) might  
 The younger folk to amorous acts incite,  
 And propagation of the Species: while  
 DEATH was to undertake the hateful toil

Of



Of slaughter. His the task (expresly told  
By Jove) to strike the impotent and old.

To these intents they both provided were  
With bows, and arrows, each an equal share.

ALTHOUGH their errands were so diff'rent, they  
Jogg'd on, and talk'd together by the way.

DEATH, in his solemn manner, moralized,  
Hoping that mortals would be now advised  
To live decorously ; that they might die  
Assured of blifs to all eternity.

CUPID already turn'd it in his mind  
By what contrivance he could plague Mankind.  
For though he was restricted to the young,  
He could so send his arrows them among,  
As to torment them : causing *these* to love  
*Those* whom, unstricken yet, no pray'rs could move ;  
Or who, if stricken, amorously burn  
For *others* ; who, perhaps, are plagued in turn  
*Elsewhere* with unrequited passion : so  
That happy love is rarely known below.

As they were travelling along one day,  
Tired with the length, or badness of the way,  
Their Nectar flask they lifted to their head  
So often, they were forc'd to go to bed ;

As drunk as mortals, The next morning, they  
 Picking their arrows up, which scatter'd lay  
 Beside them,—Each, (tho' to themselves unknown,)  
 Mingled his fellow's arrows with his own.

Thence has it happened, much too frequently,  
 Old People fall in love,—and young ones die,

JUPITER heard ere long of the Mistake,  
 But left it as it was, for Mortals' sake  
 A *double warning*. That *old* people may  
 Strive to keep out of purblind CUPID's way.  
 And *young* ones should, as well as old ones, know,  
 They're not exempt from DEATH's unerring blow.



# Nº IX.

## THE MUSSULMAN AND WOMAN AT MOSQUE.

A MUSSULMAN at Mosque thus fervent pray'd;  
 "O Lord! admit me into Paradise."

A WOMAN overhearing what he said;

'Admit me too,'—No less devoutly cries,

The

The good MAN then proceeded in his pray'r;  
 " In this world chasten me: correct me here.  
 " Here in this world correction I can bear:  
 " Lay on the lash, and let it be severe."

The WOMAN, not in castigating cue,  
 Says,—*' That petition stands for you alone.*  
*' In Paradise I'd fain go halves with you,*  
*' But for the lashes,—be they all your own.'*



N° X.

THE BOY STUNG BY A NETTLE.

A Boy, complaining to his Father, said,  
 ' See what a wale this nasty weed has made;  
 ' This STINGING-NETTLE. Though I did but touch  
 ' It *very gently*, yet it hurts me much.'

" THAT is the reason why it hurts you so:  
 " You should have squeezed it hard, my boy. And know,  
 " Amongst Men-Plants hereafter you will find  
 " Full many a weed of this offensive kind;—  
 " *Bullies:*



“ *Bullies* : of whom if you afraid appear,  
 “ They’ll make you smart : but if you valiant are,  
 “ And treat them *barshly*, as they merit, they  
 “ Will fear to meet with you another day.”



## N° XI.

## THE DISCOVERY.

A S at an Inn CORNUTUS fat  
 With his *Wife's Friends*, some three or four,  
 He kiss'd so much the Bar-Maid KATE,  
 They fear'd he might do something more.

One, not most wise, though most afraid  
 Of consequence, began to bawl,—  
 “ Prithee, good Man, let go the Maid ;  
 “ She's *tainted* : and you'll *taint* us all.”



## N° XII.

N<sup>o</sup> XII.

CORINNA AND THE BISHOP.

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☞ This TALE was founded on the following circumstance :

A very worthy College *Don* of my acquaintance, being in Town, and walking later than usual in the Park, was so importuned by a *frail Fair*, that he could not get rid of her till he gave her some money, which, he fairly confessed to me, he gave more out of fear, than out of love or charity.

To heighten the burlesque, I have made my Friend a *Bishop*; the which if I could do as readily at ST. JAMES'S, as at PARNASSUS, he should soon have a pair of Lawn Sleeves: because, I am satisfied, he would wear them oftener in the Pulpit, than at Court. He is not one of those who consider the KING'S *Congé d'élire*, as a *Congé donné à un Prêtre pour ne plus servir son DIEU*.

---

**A** BISHOP and a COURTEZAN—  
 No matter how they got together;  
 By chance, or preconcerted plan;  
 By strefs of love, or strefs of weather:.

Suffice it that they seated were  
 One ev'ning late in an Alcove:  
 My-Lord a learn'd Astronomer;  
 The Lady better learn'd in Love.

Silent

Silent some time the couple sat;  
 Untill the Moon refulgent, bright  
 Arose: CORINNA then to chat  
 Began; with—*‘What a lovely Night!*

*‘On such a Night as this, I ween,  
 ‘Prince PARIS sail’d away with HELEN.  
 ‘Though, afterwards, ’twas thought, the Queen  
 ‘Wish’d herself back at Spartan Dwelling.*

*‘The Beau repented, too, that he  
 ‘Abus’nefs such bad underta’en.—  
 ‘But if My-Lord would take off me,  
 ‘He would not wish me back again.’*

The spangled sky so much absorbs  
 His Lordship’s mind, he did not hear her:  
 But crying out—“Celestial Orbs!”—  
 CORINNA drew a little nearer.

Thinking to her address’d must be  
 That phrase; she threw aside her cloak;  
 That he her semi-orbs might see:  
 Not doubting but of those he spoke.

“Thou



- " Thee, CYNTHIA, next unto the Sun  
 " In brightness,—(for what Star so bright?)—  
 " With rapture thee I gaze upon :  
 " And could gaze on the live-long night."  
 ' *I shall grow proud with so much praise,*  
 ' *Proud of the little charms I've got.*  
 ' *But will you nothing do but gaze?—*  
 ' *Hey! My Lord Bishop; shall we not——?"*

The Prelate not attending to  
 The overture CORINNA made,  
 The farce equivocal went through :  
 And she misconstrued all he said.

- " I can descry without a glass  
 " Thy face; and certain places, which  
 " For eyes and nose and mouth may pass,  
 " And do, indeed, in vulgar speech.  
 " How fair those Mountains which I see!  
 " Whiter than any snow, I wiss.  
 " That spot, which seems so black to be,—  
 " Is that the MARE NECTARIS \*?"

\* A whimsical name given rather poetically, than philosophically, to what is probably a Lake, if not a Sea, in the Moon.

- ‘ *My-Lord, I scarcely understand*  
   ‘ *What ’tis you say :—to whom you speak.*  
 ‘ *But—(with her alabaster hand*  
   *Patting the while his reverend cheek)—*  
 ‘ *Though MARY NICKTER not my name is,*  
   ‘ *If you will try me,—who can tell ?*  
 ‘ *Whate’er her excellence, or fame is,*  
   ‘ *CORINNA may do just as well.’*

Which saying, without more ado  
   She placed herself upon his knee ;  
 And threw her arms around him, too ;  
   And kiss’d him most familiarly.

As one awaking from a dream  
   Would shrink, if he should chance to see  
 A Tigress make a spring at him,  
   So shrunk our good Saint ANTHONY.

- “ Hence ; Temptress : hence, I say ; avaunt :  
   “ Your meretricious tricks I know.  
 “ Go to some other young Gallant :  
   “ I am too old,—too wise, I trow.”

CORINNA found this would not do :  
   Nothing could warm the Anchoret.  
 She must some other scheme pursue ;  
   Or she was like no cash to get.

Women have so much ready wit,  
Whether on good or evil bent,  
That instantaneously she hit  
Upon this new experiment.

Taking her kerchief from her poke,  
She drew it thrice across her eyes,  
Making believe she wept \*; then spoke  
Thus interrupted by her sighs.

- ' Does not your Lordship love me, then?—
- ' After what pass'd between us.'—" No."
- ' Oh! These perfidious creatures, Men!—
- ' And Bishops, too!—Can they be so?
- ' After the intimacy which——'
- " What says, what means the Jezebel?"
- ' Divines, who love and honour preach,
- ' And heav'n——.' " Go, go, you imp of hell."
- ' I'll go: but first, my reverend Lord,
- ' Make me a present. Where's your purse?
- ' You're rich enough, you can afford
- ' To give——' " Nothing, unless it be a curse."

\* ——Manuque simul veluti lachrymantia terfit  
Lumina.



- ‘ Five Guineas. You can not give less  
 ‘ For a fine woman’s company.  
 ‘ Besides, in truth, I’m in distress,  
 ‘ ’Twill be an act of charity.
- ‘ Lord MINIKIN gives full as much;  
 ‘ Oft as he visits CANKER COURT.
- ‘ Only five Guineas. Come, come; touch  
 ‘ This hand with them. I’ll kiss you for’t.
- “ I’ll have no kisses, on my life.  
 “ I fear thy breath alone should give  
 “ Infection: Harlot:—I’ve a Wife.”——  
 ‘ Harlots as well as wives must live \*.
- ‘ So, no more words, My-Lord, but pay:  
 ‘ Handsomely, too; let me advise you.
- ‘ For if you let me go away  
 ‘ Without my dues, I’ll advertise you.
- ‘ Much to your Reverence’s fame  
 ‘ It will redound, when known, that you  
 ‘ So late at night to meet me came,  
 ‘ And having kiss’d me, bilk’d me too.

\* Will you, because ’tis low, no quarter give?  
 Blackguards, as well as Gentlemen, must live.

‘ Perhaps you will so hardy be,  
 ‘ To tell your friends—’tis all a lie :—  
 ‘ That you’ve had nought to do with me.  
 ‘ But can you prove an alibi ?’

“ O ! you’re an artful Hufsey. (Says  
 “ My-Lord.) But rightly served am I.  
 “ Here ;—take my purse.—ONE ALWAYS PAYS  
 “ FOR BEING IN BAD COMPANY.”



N° XIII.

ON A BAD READER.

From MARTIAL.

THE Composition which thou read’st *was* mine :  
 But, by bad reading thou hast made it *thine*.

THE ORIGINAL.

*Quem recitas, meus est, O FIDENTINE, libellus :*  
*Sed male cum recitas, incipit esse tuus.*

N° XIV.

*THE SQUIRE HIRING A SERVANT MAID.**From PIRON.*

**A** SQUIRE, who three successive years had paid  
 Money for getting Bastards on his *Maid*,  
 (Whether he did the business, or JOHN,  
 His Servant, matters little: it was done:)  
 Ashamed of being laugh'd at by the Bench \*  
 So often, went to hire another Wench;  
 On statute day; and was much pleased with one;  
 Yet hard the terms to be agreed upon.  
 The common wages were Five Pounds, but She  
 For less than three times five would not agree.

Th' astonish'd SQUIRE demands—'On what pretence  
 'Ask you so much? What is your excellence?'

"IN truth, Your Honour, I've not much to boast:

"I'm a plain Cook; and scarce can boil and roast:

"Yet, I must own it, I'm a very Glutton:

"I can myself devour a joint of mutton:

"And drink most freely. O! you cannot think

"How much, considering my sex, I drink.

\* Bench of JUSTICES.

" 'Tis



" 'Tis this excess in meat and drink, I trow,  
 " That makes me every day more idle grow.  
 " I'll sweep no rooms; I'll clean no furniture.  
 " I hate fatigue. I cannot bear to stir:—  
 " Or only in a morning. After dinner  
 " I'll never strike a stroke; as I'm a sinner."

He scarce could keep his countenance the while  
 She spoke: when finish'd; with a smile

He thus address'd her: 'Never, I protest,  
 ' Heard I from Bumpkin's mouth a better jest.  
 ' But, tell me seriously——'

" Faith, I spoke

" In downright seriousness: I never joke."

' You cannot then, in your right senses be;  
 ' If your true character you gave to me.  
 ' A Guttler!—Tippler!—Idler!——'

" All:—agreed.

" All those I am: but, then,—*I do not BREED.*"

## THE DOTARD.

A Man of sixty years of age,—  
 A Bachelor till then,—  
 Was so imprudent to engage  
 (As have a many doting Men)  
 In wedlock. And, what made it worse,  
 He chose for Wife a Maiden young,  
 Instead of an old Matron for a Nurse.  
 Of which he fore repented him ere long.

‘ *(Repentance, by the bye,*

‘ *Can not untie*

‘ *The nuptial knot.)*’ Reader you’re right :

For if it could,

How many would

Be Bachelors again ere night !

SENEX’s sorrow came too late :  
 Repentance did but aggravate  
 His folly ;—(for I will not call it *fate.*)

“ Why ! What a Simpleton I’ve been !—

“ Egregious Ass !—and Oaf !—and Fool !—

“ And Nincompoop ! and Paper-scul !

“ To let myself be taken in !

“ When

" When I was in the prime of life,  
 " And had occasion for a Wife,  
 " A Bachelor I lived:  
 " For which I now atone,  
 " Fully, by having wived  
 " When I not wanted one.  
 " Sickly, and feeble as I am;  
 " Able to raise, not quench a flame;  
 " Can I surpris'd, or angry be,  
 " If my young dame  
 " Prefers to me,  
 " A healthier, younger Deputy?"



Nº XVI.

*ON A STINGY DRUNKARD.*

**B**IBO gets fuddled every day;  
 And takes emetics every night;—  
 For fear his head should ache;—you say:  
 I thought he did it that he might,  
 At the least possible expence, regale  
 A second time with the same wine and ale.

F

Nº XVII.



## N° XVII.

## THE BOASTER.

ONE day, after dinner ;—I need not say where ;  
 Suppose, if you will, 'twas at BATH, at the Bear ;—  
 TOM SHALLOW, a Traveller,—(All of us know,  
 That *Travellers* shoot with a very long bow,)  
 Discourfing on personal beauty and strength,  
 He boasted,—“ *That no one e'er leap'd such a length*  
 “ *As he did at RHODES.*” SHALLOW being but slim,  
 And delicate, all fix'd their eyes upon him ;  
 As much as to say,—(For a Gentleman's *Stare*  
 Implies much the same as the Blackguards declare }  
 In so many *words*,)—‘ What a Liar you are !’

OUR Hero, whatever he wanted in wit,  
 Made up for in vanity, pride, and conceit :  
 And finding their notice attracted, he took  
 It as praise, or astonishment, not as rebuke.  
 Which tempted him over again to repeat,  
 With much self-complacence, his marvellous feat.

THIS so provoked KEEN, an ironical Wag,  
 He said,—‘ You may think MR. SHALLOW a Brag !  
 ‘ And

‘ And this a mere *Traveller’s* boast :—but you wrong  
 ‘ Him exceedingly. Look, how athletic, how strong,  
 ‘ His limbs are ; yet supple. I doubt if a horse  
 ‘ Could gallop as fast over Ascot-heath course.  
 ‘ Or if a *horse* could,—I am sure there’s no *Ass*  
 ‘ In BRITAIN, or RHODES that can SHALLOW surpass.  
 ‘ And as to the feat now narrating to you,—  
 ‘ This wonderful leap,—I can vouch it is true.  
 ‘ ’Twas done in the year sixty-six, for a bet :  
 ‘ I read the account in the *Rhodian Gazette*.  
 ‘ But the number of feet, TOM, I’ve almost forgot.  
 ‘ ’Twas thirty or forty, I think :—was it not ?’

“ No ; not quite so many. *Betwixt twenty-four*  
 “ *And twenty-five feet.——*”

““ Poh, poh ! prithee, give o’er.  
 ““ (FRANK DOWNRIGHT exclaims.) Leap twenty-four  
 feet !

““ I’ll never believe it : not I ; till I see’t.  
 ““ And, by such a minikin, hop-o’-my-thumb !  
 ““ Go, tell it to fools : we’re not easy to hum.””

‘ I pray, (replies KEEN,) you will none of you flout  
 ‘ TOM SHALLOW ; nor make of his honour a doubt.  
 ‘ Since all must have read of—(the simile suits)—  
 ‘ The strides of TOM THUMB, in his sev’n-league boots.

‘Nay; laugh not: I’ll wager, as much as you choose,  
 ‘What THUMB did in boots, did our Hero in shoes.’

MR. ALDERMAN TIPPLE,—a lover of wit,  
 And wine, too,—approved the farcastical hit.

“TOM SHALLOW (says he) has afforded such sport,  
 “MR. PRESIDENT, do let us drink his health for’t.—  
 “*The Leaper at RHODES*——in a bumper of port. }

No better excuse for a glass could be found,  
 Than the wit and wine good; so the bumper went round.

In pity of SHALLOW, INGENUUS said,  
 ‘Poor fellow! the liquor got into his head.  
 ‘And all of us know, when the sensory feels  
 ‘The weight of the wine, we are *light of our heels*.’

If SHALLOW had had any prudence at all,  
 He’d have let it here rest: but, he kept up the ball,  
 By saying,—“*Well, well, if we ever should meet*  
 “*At RHODES, you shall see me perform the same feat.*”

‘Hoot Man! (says a wily North-country-man.) Why  
 ‘Not do it at BATH, when we’re all of us by?  
 ‘’Twere worth our while, truly, to quit our abodes,—  
 ‘Quit BRITAIN,—to see you perform it at RHODES.  
 ‘I warrant you, full as elastic our air:  
 ‘So strip off your coat, Man; and think yourself there.’

“Aye;



“ Aye; do so: (says DOWNRIGHT.) Come, strip,  
 “ my Boy, strip.  
 “ And let me assist: if in want of a whip,  
 “ I’ve one with a lash on would make an *Ass* skip.” }

THE laugh again raised at the *Boaster’s* expence;  
 At length he resolved on retreating from thence.  
 He took an occasion to slip out of door:  
 And did not return to the company more.

FROM that very time SHALLOW never stirs out,  
 But people point at him. The children, too, shout,  
 On purpose to shame him,—‘ Look yonder, Lads; look:  
 ‘ That’s SHALLOW,—TOM SHALLOW, *the Braggart*,  
 ‘ who took  
 ‘ The *incredible leap*, which surpris’d Men and Gods.  
 ‘ Go; ask him: he’ll tell you he did it—at RHODES.’



## N° XVIII.

## ON A DRUNKARD.

*Paraphrased from MARTIAL.*

YOU heard that BIBO *yester-day* was drunk !  
 You're misinform'd, Sir :—it was late at *night*  
 Ere he beneath the table senseless sunk.  
 Common report, indeed, is seldom right.

---

## THE ORIGINAL.

*Hesterno fœtere mero, qui credit ACERRAM,  
 Fallitur : in lucem semper ACERRA bibit.*

---

## PARODY ON THE SAME.

BIBO got drunk last night ; you say.  
 Pardon me ; he was drunk all day.

Nº XIX.

DEFINITION OF THE WORD HENPECKED.

**T**HE lustful, vigorous Cock, that treads well, *pecks*  
In amorous dalliance Hens or Pullets necks.  
But when he is not in a proper trim,  
And fit for business, then the *Hens peck him*.



Nº XX.

TO AN INDIFFERENT PERSON.

*From MARTIAL.*

**I** Do not love thee; though I know not what  
The cause is: but, I know,—I love thee not.

---

THE ORIGINAL.

*Non amo te, SABIDI, nec possum dicere quare.  
Hoc tantum possum dicere,—non amo te.*

Nº XXI.



## N° XXI.

*BEAUTY REVENGED.*

**E**RST VENUS left her Cnydian Grove,  
 And gardens bordering on the Main;  
 And tow'rds ADONIS' palace drove;  
 Enamour'd with the Royal Swain.

Of polish'd form, but rude in mind,  
 Horses and dogs his sole delight,  
 He knew the bugle horn to wind,  
 And chased the boar from morn till night.

But Love's delights he never knew:  
 Love was a stranger to his breast.  
 He'd rather have his game in view,  
 Than be with APHRODITE blest.

The youth was hunting in his grounds,  
 When she alighted from her car:  
 But had not grace to stop his hounds.—  
 Such savages these Sportsmen are.

Her

Her car they ran so very near,  
 They scared the little timorous doves.  
 ADON himself, in his career,  
 O'erfet a brace of footmen Loves.

Nathless he still kept on his course:  
 Though VENUS chid; as well she might:—  
 “What! no excuses?—Worse and worse.—  
 “Who but yourself would VENUS slight?  
 “Come: and Love’s transports let us prove.—  
 “You will not?—Go, then, to your fate.  
 “Since you refuse my proffer’d love;  
 “I will requite you with my hate.”

That very morn the hunted boar  
 Ran his fell tusk in ADON’s side.—  
 Nor shall the Muse his loss deplore  
 Who, had he loved, would not have died.



## N° XXII.

## ON A NOTORIOUS SCOLD.

**R**IXA was told, I reckon'd her among  
 The worst of Scolds : and since has held her tongue.  
 But, I'll not push too far my enmity :  
 Bid her let loose her tongue :—for else I'm sure she'll die.



## N° XXIII.

## ON MR. AND MRS. NIGGLE.

“**I**F NIGGLE's *Wife breeds yet?*”—You question me.  
 NIGGLE's Wife breed, forsooth!—That cannot be.  
 Unless she can engender in a dream :  
 Or, (which is easier,) waking cuckold him.

## ON THE SAME.

“NIGGLE's *Wife breed!*”—Pray, have you ever found  
 Corn grow before the Seed was in the ground ?

## N° XXIV.



Nº XXIV.

AN INSTANCE OF ROMAN MAGNANIMITY.

From ÆLIAN.

WHEN PYRRHUS's *Physician*\* basely made  
 Proffer 'to poison him:' the *Romans* said,  
 "No; no: we never will consent to pay  
 "The price of blood: nor take a life away  
 "By poison. Such vile acts we leave to those  
 "Dastards who dare not meet like men their foes.  
 "If as a nation ROME is proud to be  
 "Rank'd first: it is for worth; not infamy.  
 "And rather may our enemies prevail  
 "Against us, than we should in honour fail."

NOR only that: the noble Romans told  
 The Monarch, of the Wretch that would have sold  
 His Friend and Sovereign for a sum of gold. }

\* PYRRHUS's *Physician*.] ÆLIAN calls him CINEAS: but  
 his Commentators think he must mean NICIAS: "*hic enim*  
 "PYRRHI fuit Medicus. Sed CINEAS a PYRRHO legatus ad  
 "Senatum est missus: vir egregiâ memoriâ."

## JUPITER'S LOTTERY.

*From* LAMOTTE.

**M**ORTALS made such complaints to Jove  
 Of Wants and Miseries, he strove  
 To quiet—if not satisfy—  
 All by one general *LOTTERY*.

And that he might deserve the thanks  
 Of all, there were to be *no Blanks*.

CELESTIALS were allowed to try  
 Their luck too in the Lottery.  
 But that no pref'ence might appear  
 Intended them, as being dear,—  
 Dearer than MORTALS,—Jove decreed  
 That IGNORANCE, who could not read,  
 Should roll the *Billets* up, and seal,  
 And put them into FORTUNE's wheel:  
 FORTUNE herself should turn about  
 The wheel; and CHANCE should draw them out,

THOUGH nothing could be fairer than  
 This scheme; and all admired the plan,—

Till

Till it was executed,—few  
 Afterward liked the lots they drew.  
 They set no value upon Health,  
 Long-Life, and Honours, Pleasure, Wealth:  
 Because the greatest Prize of all,—  
 WISDOM,—did not to MORTALS fall.  
 MINERVA got it. Which made Men  
 Not only murmur, but complain  
 That they were hardly dealt by. They  
 Had even the insolence to say,  
 ‘ JOVE of his Daughter took good care;  
 ‘ But never meant to play *them* fair.’

JUPITER thought it was not worth  
 While to chastize the Sons of Earth.  
 Though with a single nod he could  
 Annihilate them, if he would,  
 He laugh’d at Men’s absurdities.  
 And, as he could not make us *wise*;  
 (Since the grand Lot had fallen to  
 MINERVA;) he was fain to do  
 Yet something for us: so that we  
 Thenceforward satisfied should be.

In which some difficulty lay:  
 For WISDOM being giv’n away,  
 Where would he find a *Succedaneum*?  
 After long hammering his *cranium*,——

“ MORTALS:



““ MORTALS: I’ve thought of one. (He said.)  
 ““ Though WISDOM is disposed of, JOVE  
 ““ Sends you this token of his Love:—  
 ““ FOLLY is yours—in WISDOM’s stead.””

MORTALS so much are charm’d with it,  
 They scarce perceive the difference.  
*Prattle* has often pass’d for Wit,  
 And *silent Ignorance* for Sense.



## Nº XXVI.

## THE READER’S REMONSTRANCE.

THERE’s no such thing as pleasing you.—  
 ‘ *Silence*—and *Prattle*—both offend.  
 ‘ Prithee, what would you have us do?’  
 ““ Do?—Take the middle course, my Friend.””



## Nº XXVII.

N° XXVII.

AN INSTANCE OF ALEXANDER'S EARLY  
PASSION FOR FAME.

From FREINSHEMIUS.

FULL many a bloody battle PHILIP fought;  
And into fame the *Macedonians* brought.—  
A people little valued,—hardly known,—  
Before that Warrior sat upon the throne.

Victories were not then, as now-a-days,  
Won by the Subalterns, and all the praise  
Bestowed on idle Chiefs. Commanders then  
Engaged; and set example to their men.

THOUGH PHILIP had acquired his fame by wars,  
And cover'd was with honourable scars;  
Oft was he heard complaining of a wound;—  
More from the inconvenience which he found,  
Than pain. It incommoded him so much  
In walking, he was forced to use a crutch:  
Of which, one day, as loud lament he made,  
His son, the since-famed ALEXANDER, said,  
“ Why should you, Sire, lament the being lame?  
“ This very limping aggravates your fame.  
“ For it reminds us every step you take,  
“ How much you've done and suffer'd for your Coun-  
“ try's sake.”

N° XXVIII.

N<sup>o</sup> XXVIII.

## THE ENCOUNTER.

*From AUSONIUS.*

**V**ENUS one night at masquerade  
 Was cas'd in armour cap-a-pe;  
 PALLAS, who met her, jesting said,—  
 ‘Mock Heroine, dare you fight with me?’

“No; no. Too cowardly ’twould be,  
 “(VENUS replied,) should I contest,  
 “When *arm’d*, with one whom easily  
 “I vanquish’d when I was *undrest* \*.”

## THE ORIGINAL.

**A**RMATAM Pallas Venerem Lacædemone visens,  
 ‘Visne, ut iudicium sic ineamus?’ ait.  
 Cui Venus arridens,—“Quid me galeata laceffis?  
 “Vincere si possum nuda, quid arma gerens?”

\* Alluding to the time when PARIS gave judgment in her favour.



N° XXIX.

ON THE MEMORABLE XXVIII<sup>TH</sup> JULY,  
MDCCLXXVIII.

**T**HIS day the *English* and the *French* fleets met;  
And fought: but—parted ere the sun was set.  
Yet, KEPPEL had his reason for it.—He  
Thought they would fight *next day* more handsomely\*.

\* This was the reason the *Admiral* gave.

See his DESPATCHES, and TRIAL.



N° XXX.

A COUNTER INSCRIPTION FOR THE OBELISK  
ERECTED BY THE MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM  
ON THE ABOVE MEMORABLE OCCASION.

**T**O *Merit negative* the MARQUIS raised  
This COLUMN. Ought the MARQUIS to be  
praised,  
Or blamed,—who wasted such a pile of stone  
To celebrate a battle neither lost, nor won?

H

N° XXXI.

## N° XXXI.

APOLOGY FOR ERECTING THE SAID  
OBELISK.

‘ **M**ISTAKEN Satirist! there is no waste  
Of Stone. Is not this work a work of Taste?

‘ The MARQUIS wanted something that would look

‘ Well in his Grounds : and so occasion took

‘ Of growing popular. A clamour loud

‘ Was raised in KEPPEL’s praise : the MARQUIS bow’d, }  
 ‘ As Patriots must, obsequious to the crowd.

‘ CARR \* took the hint : his ready pencil drew

‘ Sketch of this Object which adorns the View.

‘ The OBELISK itself you must commend,

‘ Although its foolish legend may offend.

‘ Consider’d as an Object, you’ll agree,

‘ This form is more agreeable to see— }  
 ‘ Than th’ highest GIBBET in the world would be.’

• CARR.] An Architect of great eminence in Yorkshire ;  
and much employed by the MARQUIS.

N° XXXII.

TO THE MEMORY OF POET CHURCHILL.

WHEN thou wert snatch'd from hence by ruth-  
less fate,  
Our only British Laurel died away.  
All my zeal can, I'll do; I'll decorate  
Thy Monument with this small sprig of Bay.



N° XXXIII.

NOBLE ANSWER OF A REGENT OF FRANCE.

*From LES FASTES DE LOUIS QUINZE.*

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS being press'd to spare  
A *Criminal*: the suitors said,—‘ You are  
‘ Yourself related to him. Can you see  
‘ One of your kinsmen, your own family,  
‘ Brought to disgrace?’

“ Why not? (the Regent said.)

“ When the blood's bad, 'tis fit one should be bled.”



*BON MOT OF A DRUNKARD.**From the Same.*

**T**HE FIFTEENTH LOUIS, King of FRANCE, had  
been

The dupe of worthless Women all his reign.  
That they, his Mistresses, might be maintain'd  
At more than regal cost, the Monarch drain'd  
The nation of its wealth: so much, that He  
Became unpopular as King could be.

WHEN he was dead, a drunken Fellow, who  
Call'd for 'more wine,' just as the Corpse pass'd thro'  
The Street, was told to wait;—"for they durst not  
"Serve him just then."—" 'Tis hard; (exclaims the  
' Sot;)

' When Louis *lived*, his Subjects wanted Bread  
' To *eat*; and now they must not *drink*—because he's  
' *dead*.'

N° XXXV.

*A PARISH PRAYER.*

*Written at the request of a Gentleman of ———  
PARISH; after numbers had died, not by the visitation  
of GOD, but of an ignorant DOCTOR.*

**L**ORD! who hast power to cure, or kill,  
Take pity on us; *te oramus*:  
Or, keep us well; or, being ill,  
Keep from us DOCTOR IGNORAMUS.



N° XXXVI.

*THE BACHELOR'S REMONSTRANCE.*

**Y**OU, who have sworn you'd never wed,  
At last have ta'en it in your head;  
Bribed by—"a fortune."—'Tis a prize  
I look on not with envious eyes.

Give *Liberty* for an *Estate*!  
'Tis buying at too dear a rate.

Had

Had you been bribed by *Worth*, or *Wit*,  
Or *Beauty*, I'd have pardon'd it.

Blushing at my licentious life,  
I mean myself to take a Wife;

But, trust me, *HAL*, it shall not be,  
Till I can meet with all these three,—  
*Beauty*, *Worth*, *Wit*,—in company.

}



N° XXXVII.

CRITICISM ON THE ILIAD.

From SARRASIN.

**A**CHILLES' Mistress from him torn,  
He, whom as *Hero* we extoll,  
For nine whole years was known to mourn,  
Worse than a *Baby* for a Doll.

THE ORIGINAL.

**A**CHILLE, beau comme le jour,  
Et vaillant comme son épée,  
Pleura neuf ans pour son amour,  
Comme un Enfant pour sa poupée.

N° XXXVIII.



N<sup>o</sup> XXXVIII.

*LIKE LOVES LIKE.*

**D**OLTARD, a stupid fellow, who  
Went often SIMPLETONIAN to,  
Meeting me once in company,  
Said to me, rather sneeringly ;—  
‘ I understand you are not well  
‘ With SIMPLETONIAN.—Can you tell  
‘ The reason of it ?’

“ Certainly.

“ The Blockhead is afraid of me.

“ Civil he was when first I came :

“ Not then a Candidate for Fame.

“ He thought perhaps that I might be

“ As dull and ignorant as He.

“ But when he found that I was pat in

“ French ; and knew something too of Latin ;

“ And—(without vanity I speak)—

“ A smatt’ring had in heathen Greek ;

“ That I read much ; and, now and then

“ Drew a Fool’s Picture with my pen ;

“ It frighten’d him : he grew so shy

“ He scarcely spoke when I was by :

“ And now avoids my company.”

‘ Ay :

'AY: like enough. That well may be.  
' But he is very fond of *me*.'

" DOUBTLESS. 'Tis one of Nature's rules,  
" That—*Fools are very fond of Fools.*"



N° XXXIX.

TO A VAIN GIRL.

From MARTIAL.

WE know you're young,—and rich,—and fair :  
Three things, which estimable are.  
But, when you're *vain*, yourself you wrong ;  
And are nor rich,—nor fair,—nor young.

THE ORIGINAL.

*B*ELLA es, novimus : et puella ; verum est :  
Et dives : quis enim potest negare ?  
Sed dum te nimium, Fabulla, laudas,  
Nec dives, neque bella, nec puella, es.

N° XL.

N<sup>o</sup> XL. EPITAPH FOR A SCOUNDREL.

**H**OOTON lies here. Be cautious, Stranger; pass  
On t'other side :—a Snake is in this Grass.



N<sup>o</sup> XLI. ON THE SAME.

“**W**RITE HOOTON's Epitaph before he dies!  
“ That's strange.”

No; not at all. The maxim says—  
*When a Man's dead, speak only in his Praise* \*.  
And Heav'n forbid that I should e'er speak Lies.

\* *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*



N<sup>o</sup> XLII. ON BIBO.

*Aut sine animo est, aut non multo secus.*

**B**IBO intends this day to make a feast.  
““ Gemmen, walk in,—and see—a drunken beast.””

I

N<sup>o</sup> XLIII.



N° XLIII. *A BATH EPIGRAM.**In Imitation of MARTIAL.*

**W**HEN first LAVINIA to these waters came,  
 There lived not in the world a chaster dame :  
 But Dissipation does so little suit  
 With Chastity, she turn'd a Prostitute.

## THE ORIGINAL.

**C**ASTA nec antiquis cedens Lævina Sabinis,  
 Et quamvis tetrico tristior ipsa viro.  
 Dum modo Lucrino, modo se permittit Averno,  
 Et dum Baianis sæpe fovetur aquis ;  
 Incidit in flammæ, Juvenemque secuta, relicto  
 Conjuge, Penelope venit, abit Helene.

N° XLIV. *AN EPITHALAMIUM FOR A DOTARD.**Frustra, cum ad senectam ventum, repetas adolescentiam.*

**H**E who at sixty takes a buxom Bride,  
 The world will pity not—when *hornested*.

N° XLV.

N° XLV. ON THE SAME.

*Temeritas, ubi primum impetum effudit, velut quædam animalia  
amisso aculeo, torpet.*

**F**AINTING and foil'd, thus spoke the wedded  
Fool,—

‘ I’m call’d a Brute !—I’m sure I’m not a *Bull*.’



N° XLVI. A FRIEND’S REMONSTRANCE.

“ **Y**OU, who of other people make such sport,  
“ Do you not fear that some one should retort?”

‘ No.—This is all my enemies can say,—

‘ I knew not Money’s worth, and threw too much  
‘ away.’



N° XLVII. ON A CONTENTED CUCKOLD,

**C**ORNUTUS has more patience than  
Falls to the share of any *Man*.

*A PEDANT'S SPEECH.*

**R**UFUS, the Pedant, at a nuptial feast,  
 Urged to say something civil to the Bride,  
 In proof of friendship, or respect at least,—  
 In phraseology thus quaint replied.

“ May Gods celestial and terrestrial join,  
 “ To bless the Bride, and make her fruitful; send her,  
 “ Children of every sort, some *masculine*,  
 “ Some *feminine*, some of the *neuter gender*.”

---

**R**UFUS *vocatus rhetor olim ad nuptias,*  
*Celebri fit ut convivio,*  
*Grammaticæ ut artis se peritum ostenderet,*  
*Hæc vota dixit nuptiis:*  
 ‘ *Et masculini, et feminini gignite,*  
 ‘ *Generisque neutri filios.*’

N° XLIX. *ON A DOTARD.*

**W**HAT! Does SENICULUS intend to wed?  
 He'll surely bring some mischief on his head.

N° L.



Nº L.

A COLLOQUY BETWIXT A CURATE AND  
A FARMER.

A Worthless CURATE meeting with, when mellow,  
A poaching FARMER, thus address'd him,—  
‘ Fellow,

‘ I say; you Farmer PLOUGH—PLOUGH—what’s }  
‘ your name?—  
‘ How dare you go a-shooting?—’Tis a shame.’ }

“ AN please your *Reverence*, you do the same.” }

‘ WELL! saucy Jackanape; suppose I do; }  
‘ Is that your business?—But,—they tell me, too,— }  
‘ You drink, and swear and gamble.’ }

“ So do you.” }

‘ IMPUDENT Scoundrel. By my holy calling,—  
‘ I have a mind to——’

“ Go a cat-a-wauling?—

“ The red-hair’d Wanton is in Town yet; you

“ May pay your visits as you used to do.”

‘ GROSS

‘ GROSS Scandal. I will sue you in a Court  
 ‘ Of Law; and make you pay severely for’t.’

“ Do so: and I, on my part mean to write  
 “ To tell our Bishop how you spent last night.—  
 “ What place you sup’d at; what choice friends  
     “ among;  
 “ What toasts you drank; what bawdy songs you sung;  
 “ How much you gormandized; got beastly drunk:  
 “ And then went staggering to a common punk.  
 “ Fine doings these!——”

‘ How passionate you are!’

“ You’RE a fine Clergyman!——”

‘ Nay: prithee, hear.—’

“ I WONDER who the plague they are that choose  
 “ Such Pastors for us: Profligates let loose  
 “ From College; where they riot as they please;  
 “ And in their Vices only take Degrees.

“ But, sure, My-good-Lord-Bishop, when he hears  
 “ Your tricks, will pull your Cassock o’er your ears.  
 “ Since you’ve provok’d me to speak out, I will.  
 “ I’ll teach you Parsons to use Farmers ill.”

‘ You

‘ You wrong me, Friend; I meant not to provoke,  
 ‘ Or use you ill. If any thing I spoke  
 ‘ Seem’d harsh; believe me, it was said in joke.’ }

“ OH! was that all? Well, then, there’s no harm done.  
 “ For I, on my part, only was in fun.”

‘ SHAKE hands upon’t. We must not malice bear.’

“ CERTAINLY not.”

‘ But,—as we talking were  
 ‘ Of Shooting,—could you not, good PLOUGHSHARE,  
 ‘ spare  
 ‘ A brace of Partridges, perchance; or Hare?  
 ‘ I’m in great want of game just now, to send  
 ‘ To Town, as present, to a worthy Friend.’

“ FAITH! Birds are very scarce: and, as to Hare—  
 “ I have not had a *single one* this year.”

‘ BUT many a *Brace*.’

“ That’s pleasant. Where should I  
 “ Get them?” }

‘ That *you* are like to know. But why  
 ‘ PLOUGHSHARE,—you’ll let me ask you by the by,—  
 ‘ Why



‘ Why don’t you oft’ner go to church ; to hear  
 ‘ The good discourses I deliver there ?  
 ‘ By which you’d learn—‘ we should like neighbours  
     ‘ live,  
 ‘ And heavenly blessings wait on those who *give*.’

“ To tell the truth, I’ve heard you oft enough ;  
 “ And—no offence—I’m tired of such dull stuff.”

‘ DULL stuff!—What mean you?—That the Bi-  
     ‘ ble’s dull ?  
 ‘ Or dull my Sermons?—What a Paper-skull!—  
 ‘ You ought to hear me on some special day,  
 ‘ When all my pow’rs of rhetoric I display,  
 ‘ And——’

“ No one cares a fig for what you say.”

‘ How so ?’

“ Because, though goodly things you teach,  
 “ We know *you do not practise what you preach*.”

THE PARSON just had sense enough to feel  
 The just rebuke. So turn’d upon his heel.

Nº LI. *THE INEFFECTUAL ARTIFICE.*

*From MARTIAL.*

**P**AUL *says he's poor*; that he may wealthy seem:  
And poor enough he is: pray credit him.

---

THE ORIGINAL.

*Pauper videri Cinna vult, et est pauper.*



Nº LII. *THE FRANK ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.*

**T**WO Brothers drinking at a Tavern, one  
Said,—‘ We’ll have t’other *bottle*, and be gone.’

“ Nay, nay; a *pint* will do: (replied the other:)  
“ We should be fuddled with a *bottle*, brother.”

THE amicable contest ran so high;  
Thus interfered the Waiter, who stood by;  
“ Messieurs, to split the difference, take this hint;  
“ Our *Bottles* hold not much above a *Pint*.”

N° LIH. *A PARADOX.*

**T***EACHING* or *learning*—there's no difference.

Either employ must exercise the sense.

Composing Books we study to discern

The purest Morals, and—*by teaching—learn.*

N° LIV. *ON A PROFLIGATE'S ADMISSION TO ORDERS.*

**P**HAULOS ordain'd!—Beswore me, when he  
preaches,

I'll go to hear what 'tis the Devil teaches.

N° LV. *ON HEARING PHAULOS PREACH.*

**H**E who has not the sense to make

A sermon, judges well to take

One out of STERNE; or whence he will:

But, 'tis a shame to *read* it ill.



N<sup>o</sup> LVI. ON MR. NIGGLE.

OF NIGGLE's insipidity I've heard.  
 He *never drank*,—*nor gamed*—*and dares not fight*.  
 Will none bestow one positive good word?  
 He does *no wrong*. But, does he e'er do *right*?



N<sup>o</sup> LVII. ON THE SAME.

NIGGLE—('tis said his friends among)—  
 No passion has; knows no delight.  
 Whence they infer he ne'er does wrong.  
 But,—*quere*—does he e'er do right?



N<sup>o</sup> LVIII. ON ADMIRAL BYNG.

WHETHER poor BYNG a Coward was, or not,—  
 He acted so *like* one, that he was shot.  
 To keep up British Spirit, it is right  
 To punish every one who does not fight.

## N° LIX. TO A JILT.

*In imitation of MARTIAL.*

**I** FIND 'tis true, what I've so often heard,  
 The fickle GALLA never keeps her word.  
 Once more I'll try you; and will wait at home,  
 If you will *promise* that you *will not* come,

## THE ORIGINAL,

**D**AS nunquam, semper promittis, Galla, roganti:  
 Si semper fallis, jam rogo, Galla, nega.

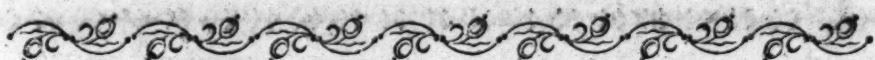


## N° LX. THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

**I**NFIRMUS snoring by his Spousey's side,  
 Dreamt she was dead; which so delighted him,  
 He waked: but, finding her alive, he cried,  
 " Ah me!—Felicity is but a Dream."

Nº LXI. ON MATERIALISM.

I Hate the doctrine which degrades Man's worth;  
And drags th' aspiring Spirit down to Earth.



Nº LXII. MINISTERS RESPONSIBLE FOR  
PUBLIC ACTS.

☞ During LORD NORTH's *unfortunate Administration*, his Creatures (in order to exculpate him, and at the same time give undue Importance to Majesty) took pains to make the Public believe that the King was his own Minister.

HE who, to screen himself, asserts THE KING,  
In State Affairs, will'd such or such a thing,  
Is base; or knows the Constitution ill.  
“*The King can do no wrong*,”—because he has no will.



Nº LXIII. ON GENISTA.

WHEN I was ill, GENISTA heard  
That *Turneps* were, one day, my food.  
Taking advantage of the word,  
She thought to make a story good:

So



So said;—"That, when at home, I lived  
 "Upon a *Turnep*."—Not her sparing:  
 Thank God! From her none e'er derived  
 The value of a Turnep's Paring.



Nº LXIV. ON MR. HARPEY.

**H**ARPEY, a Prodigal when young, is grown  
 The veriest fordid Wretch in all the Town.  
 In early life, no Fool so great but he  
 Vantaged by HARPEY's Prodigality:  
 But now he's old, he's so attach'd to Pelf,  
 He cozens all the world, and starves himself.



Nº LXV.

ON A MEMBER OF MANY PARLIAMENTS, WHO DID  
 NOT ATTEMPT TO SPEAK TILL LATE IN LIFE.

*In imitation of MARTIAL.*

**N**OT till his sixtieth year was TARDY bent  
 On Speaking. When will he be eloquent?

THE

THE ORIGINAL.

**C**UM *sexaginta numeret Cassellius annos,*  
*Ingeniosus homo est. Quando disertus erit?*



Nº LXVI. ON A BROTHER SCRIBBLER.

*From the same.*

**S**CRIBLERUS in high dudgeon took  
My not presenting him my Book.  
The reason I did not was this;  
Left in return he sent me his.

---

THE ORIGINAL.

**C**UR *non mitto meos tibi, Pontiliane, libellos?*  
*Ne mihi tu mittas, Pontiliane, tuos.*

## N° LXVII.

ON AN OLD MAID WHO WRITES HERSELF MISS.

**T**HIRTY or forty years ago  
 ALMIRA was a blooming Maid:  
 But all who see her now, must know,  
 Her Beauty has been long decay'd.

Yet apes She *Miss's* character:  
 And what she *was*, she thinks she *is*.  
 One thing I'll not dispute with her:  
 Old as she is, she is *a-miss*.



## N° I.XVIII. POLITIC ANGER.

From MARTIAL.

**M**ISERS advantage ev'n from hate derive:  
 And oft feign anger that they may not give.

## THE ORIGINAL.

**G**ENUS, *Aucte, lucri divites habent viam.*  
*Odisse quam donare vilius constat.*

N° LXIX.



N<sup>o</sup> LXIX. *THE INHABITANTS OF* ———,  
*(Whose Steeple is gone to decay,)*  
 TO THE DUKE OF YORK;  
 On his Arrival in YORKSHIRE.

**W**HILST other Towns your welcome *Presence*  
 greet,  
 And lay their honours at YOUR HIGHNESS' feet;  
 Believe us, we the same emotions feel;  
 And gratulate you with as honest zeal;  
 But,—we beseech you visit not this Town;  
 For one loud peal would shake our Steeple down.



N<sup>o</sup> LXX. *THE BOASTER SILENCED.*

*From* MONS. THEMISEUIL.

**A**S One, who formerly had Factor been  
 At SMYRNA, supping at a neighbour's house,  
 Recounted all that he had heard, or seen,  
 About the *Turks*, to LUBIN and his Spouse;

He dwelt on this:—‘ That most libidinous  
 ‘ They are. They have *Seraglios* which they fill  
 ‘ With wives. Not one a-piece; as ’tis with us:  
 No; no: they have as many as they will.

L

‘ From

‘ From every Quarter of the Globe they’re brought,  
 ‘ But none so beautiful as the *Circassians* :  
 ‘ Models of Beauty : with all graces fraught :  
 ‘ With arts to raise,—and to allay the passions.’

“ Egad (says LUBIN) if I liv’d among  
 “ Such Girls, I’d find a score of them in work.”—  
 “ Hold ! (says his *Wife*) hold, hold your silly tongue :  
 “ Do I not know, you’d make a *sorry Turk*.””

---

### THE ORIGINAL.

**U**N Voyageur revenu de Turquie  
 Parloit des moeurs de ce pays ;  
 Il racontoit, que les maris,  
 Peuvent quitter, choisir, prendre à leur fantaisie  
 Blonde et Brunette : en avoir tout autant  
 Qu’il leur plaisoit. Un de la compagnie  
 Se récria : ‘ Dieu ! le beau règlement !  
 ‘ Si j’ étois là, je ferois chere lie.  
 ‘ Que j’en aurois !’

Alors le regardant  
 Avec pitié sa femme Peronelle :  
 “ Eh ! taisez-vous ; vous seriez, lui dit elle,  
 “ Un mauvais Turc, assurément.”

N<sup>o</sup> LXXI. *THE DISTEMPERED MIND.*

—————*Hic murus abeneus esto,  
NIL CONSCIRE SIBI.*

**N**ABOB is sad, although he rolls in Riches :  
The stings of conscience he can not endure.  
This obvious moral to mankind it teaches;—  
'Tis better to be guiltless and be poor.



N<sup>o</sup> LXXII. *ANECDOTE OF DR. BAYLIES.*

**W**HEN DOCTOR BAYLIES at the Prussian Court .  
Was introduced, the Monarch said in sport,  
' I'm glad so eminent a Man to see ;  
' But give me leave to ask,—and answer me  
' Sincerely—ere you had acquired such skill  
' In *saving*, did you not a many *kill*?  
' How many thousands, think you? Come; be true.' }  
  
" I may, 'tis possible, have kill'd a few:  
" But not a thousandth part so many, Sir, as *You*." } .

\* DR. BAYLIES, (a Native of Scotland, probably, from his Name,) Member of the Colleges of London and Edinburgh, was Physician to FREDERICK THE GREAT.



N<sup>o</sup> LXXIII. ON A NOTORIOUS MISER.

I Wonder HARPEY is afraid to die,  
 Though conscious of his own iniquity :  
 He's not so void of sense but he must know,  
 Hated on Earth he'll be ador'd below,

N<sup>o</sup> LXXIV. WHY ENEAS WAS CALLED  
 ' PIOUS.'

From ÆLIAN.

WHEN Troy was ta'en, the generous Grecians  
     gave  
 Each Trojan leave some valued thing to save.  
 Whilst most were busied bearing off their stores  
 Of gold, and brass, and other precious ores,  
 The Prince ENEAS, much to their surprise,  
 Grasped in his arms his *Household Deities*.

His fondness for his Gods so pleas'd his Foes,  
 They bade him take whatever else he chose.

His *filial Piety* they next admire,  
 For on his back he bore his aged Sire.  
 And, as he pass'd along, the Grecians cry,  
 " We must admire thy worth, although an Enemy."

N<sup>o</sup> LXXV.

Nº LXXV. ON NERO.

From SÜETONIUS.

ENEAS must Progenitor have been  
Of NERO; they're in virtue so akin.  
The One took off his Father; and the Other,  
Equally dutiful, *took off*\* his Mother.

THE ORIGINAL.

QUIS negat Eneæ magna de stirpe Neronem?  
*Sustulit hic matrem, sustulit ille patrem.*

\* NERO caused his Mother to be *murdered*. The phrase 'took off' in English, answers tolerably to the twofold meaning of the Latin word '*sustulit*.'



Nº LXXVI. ON ———, AN ILL TEM-  
PERED FELLOW.

I Found him pert and splenetic;  
But it were cowardly to kick  
One, who, although he does delight  
In bickering, yet dares not fight.

Nº LXXVII.



## N° LXXVII. ON THE SAME.

STRIKE not the Fellow; though he dares not draw  
A sword, or trigger, he can fight—at Law.



## N° LXXVIII. ON MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I find the following Hexameter in my Common-Place Book ;  
but without the Author's Name. Nor do I now recollect  
whence I took it. As the subject can allude to no other than  
MARY of Scotland, that *indiscreet Beauty*, but *unfortunate*  
*Queen*,—I have appropriated my Paraphrase to her.

*Jure Scotos, Gallos thalamo, spe possidet Anglos.*

## PARAPHRASE.

OF MARY STUART have Historians said,  
Two Crowns she wore, and one hung o'er her head:  
ENGLAND's by *Hope*,—by *Marriage* that of FRANCE:  
And her own SCOTLAND's by *Inheritance*.

ENGLAND's by *Hope*.] And a well-grounded Hope it was.  
Had she survived ELIZABETH, nothing but her *Religion* could  
have barred her the Throne: to which she was undoubted Heir.  
Happily for our Country, the *policy* of ELIZABETH prevented,  
by MARY's Death, a probable Civil War, and the effusion of  
much blood.

N° LXXIX.



N° LXXIX. ON ONE OSTENTATIOUS OF  
HIS PLATE.

**N**ABOB sups slenderly ; so far he's wise :  
But, his full Sideboard feasts his foolish eyes.



N° LXXX. ON THE DEATH OF LUCRETIA.

*From* MONS. SARRAZIN.

**L**UCRETIA kill'd herself ; 'tis true :  
But most discreetly,—*après coup*.



N° LXXXI. WHAT TO ESTEEM.

**B**Y Wealth,—or Honours,—Titles,—Learning,  
——which

Of these,—shall Man to estimation reach ?

To which of these shall amplest praise be given ?

To none. Although of these the Sons of Earth  
Make darling Idols :—in the sight of Heaven

*Morality* alone is real worth.

N° LXXXII.

N<sup>o</sup> LXXXII. *ON A TEDIOUS, INCOHERENT  
TALKER.*

**N**IL spoke so long, and said so little, One,  
 Whose patience fairly was worn out,  
 More shrew than civil, ask'd, when he had done,  
 "What 'twas that he had talk'd about?"

N<sup>o</sup> LXXXIII. *THE UNSUITABLE MATCH.*

**'T**IS cruel, HYMEN, to let Sixty-five  
 Wed Five-and-twenty.—'Tis a mockery  
 Of Nature's ordinances.—'Tis to tie  
 A thing that's dead to what is all alive.

N<sup>o</sup> LXXXIV. *QUALIFIED PARDON.*

**M**ONSIEUR DE-BACCQUEVILLE told a Man  
 Who wrong'd him,—“Now I pardon you;  
 “But, I shall think of it again,  
 “If I should live a year or two.”

N<sup>o</sup> LXXXV.

N<sup>o</sup> LXXXV. PIRON's EPITAPH.

*Written by himself.*

✻ PIRON, disappointed of being elected *Member of the French Academy*, wrote the following peevish Epitaph upon himself. Therein affecting to despise the very honour he had before coveted.

---

HERE's one of little consequence;  
Neither Grammarian, nor Logician;  
Nothing, in short, when summon'd hence:—  
Not ev'n—a *French Academician*.

---

THE ORIGINAL.

CI git Piron; qui ne fut rien;  
Pas même Académicien.



N<sup>o</sup> LXXXVI. A PROVERB AGAINST POETS.

*From the Spanish.*

WHO cannot make one Verse must be a Zany;  
And he who makes a couple makes too many.

M

N<sup>o</sup> LXXXVII.



N<sup>o</sup> LXXXVII. *THE EMBLEM.**From PETRONIUS.*

**A** Dove within a Helmet made  
 Her nest. On which PETRONIUS said;  
 An Emblem this of amorous wars:  
 VENUS was ever fond of MARS.

## THE ORIGINAL.

**M**ILITIS in galea nidum fecere Columbae.  
*Apparet Marti quam sit amica Venus.*

N<sup>o</sup> LXXXVIII. *ON A NOISY, OVERBEARING  
 FELLOW.*

**B**LUSTER prays loud at Church; as if he fear'd  
 That God were deaf,—or he should not be heard.

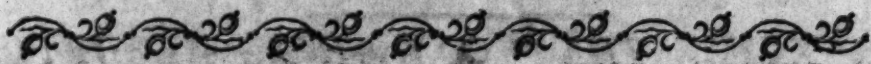
N<sup>o</sup> LXXXIX. *ON THE SAME.*

“**B**LUSTER's a Dog's name; it should seem.”  
 It may be so: and yet suit him.

N<sup>o</sup> XC.

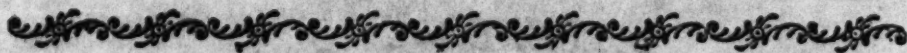
Nº XC. ON PICTA.

**P**ICTA was swarthy heretofore ;  
 But now she wond'rous fair is :  
 Is't a new Skin ?——No : nothing more  
 Than a new Wash from PARIS.



Nº XCI. ON HENRY, *THE TYRANT*.

**H**ENRY THE EIGHTH his *Brother's Widow* wed.—  
 Her Beauty lull'd his scruples on that head.  
 But when that Beauty fell into decline ;  
 The *conscientious* King divorced poor CATHERINE.



Nº XCH. EUTHANASY.

*From* PLUTARCH.

**W**HEN Some-one ask'd ANTISTHENES—  
 ' What circumstance of Life would please  
 ' Him most ?'—The Sage made this reply ;  
 "' To end it soon ; and happily.'"



*The Same, paraphrased.*

**N**O blifs in living equal can  
The Death of a religious Man.

N° XCIII. THE "ONE THING NEEDFUL."

**T**HIS is found sense,—*this* true philosophy,—  
To live in such a way, we need not fear to die.

N° XCIV. ON A PETIT-MAÎTRE.

*Parodied from MARTIAL.*

**F**INIKIN takes the air in a sedan.  
What think ye, Girls?—Is FINIKIN a Man?

THE ORIGINAL.

**O**CTAPHORO sanus portatur, Avite, Philippus:  
Hunc tu s̄ sanum credis, Avite, furis.

N° XCV.



Nº XCV. ON AN ESQUIRE OF LOW DEGREE.

**S**—W—H who raised thee from a Pimp to be  
 A *Squire*, is ousted from the Ministry:  
 And thou, his parasite, art turn'd adrift.  
 Will no one help poor MUSHROOM at a lift?  
 Not virtuous PITT. Thy hopes in him were vain.  
 Go back to HUNTON: and turn Pimp again.



Nº XCVI. ON ONE WHO TELLS THE SAME STORIES  
 OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

**T**O Dials, Clocks, and Watches liken'd we  
 Have been: NARRATA—if we treat her  
 With horologic title—it must be,  
 Not a *Stop-Watch*, but a *Repeater*.



Nº XCVII. ON A TERMAGANT.

**G**AY and conversible is KATE;  
 And fashion'd too in Beauty's mold:  
 Her I could love,—but almost hate,  
 Because she is a *perfect Scold*.

Nº XCVIII.

## N° XCVIII. TO A MERE TRANSLATOR.

NOTHING but *Novelties* are sold,  
 Or praised, at present. Take the hint.  
 Consider all your Works are old;  
 And, ere you wrote them, were in print.



## N° XCIX. ON MYSELF.

I WOULD that I had better been!  
 More wise; and wholly free from Sin!  
 Yet.—I thank *HIM* who did create me,—  
 (Ev'n such, imperfect as I am,)—  
 Not without use. I bring to shame  
 Blockheads: and conscious Scoundrels hate me.



## N° C. ON FRANCE'S ESPOUSING AMERICA.

THAT FRANCE thinks proper to declare  
 Against us; little hurt am I.  
 I dread her not in *open war*:  
 Much as I fear her *Treachery*.



Nº CI. ON TWO HISTORIANS, WHO DIFFER MATERIALLY IN RECOUNTING ESSENTIAL FACTS.

TO which Historian credit shall I give,  
 Fill'd as they are with contrarieties?  
 To neither. It is folly to believe  
 More than we see with our own proper eyes.



Nº CII. THE OFFICIOUS POET.

*(From the French.)*

A Poetaster, not content to scrawl  
 A wretched Epitaph upon MOLIERE,  
 Would read it at his Funeral.

A Stander-by, condemn'd to hear  
 His arrant nonsense, tauntingly replied,—  
 “Would that MOLIERE had wrote, and you had died!”



Nº CIII. A PROMISED EPITAPH.

HERE SANDFORD lies: when living not the best  
 Of men: nor yet the worst: so let him rest.

Nº CIV.



## N° CIV. ON THE MARRIAGE OF AN OLD POET.

WHEN superannuated DORAT \* wed,  
 'Twas *by poetic licence*, Some-one said.

\* DORAT was upwards of Seventy, when he married. His cast of Writing was the *amatory*: by which he kept his Imagination constantly heated: almost as intensely so as *their's* is, who drink much wine after meals, and *talk obscenely*; “*making* (as a Friend of mine happily expresses it) *their Minds pimps to their Bodies.*”



## N° CV. THE EXULTATION.

TWO *Dotards* married each a Lass  
 Young enough to be Daughter stiled;  
 Yet, in due time it came to pass,  
 That each of them produced a Child.

ONE of the Fathers highly pleased,—  
 His was the *lustiest* in the Town,  
 T'other, whose Child was *tiny*, teased:  
 Who answer'd him—“But mine's *my own.*”

N<sup>o</sup> CVI. *A RECIPE FOR THE SPLEEN.*

**I** Erst, like other rash, young Men,  
 Impatient of an angry word,  
 Or slight offence, drew out my *sword*.  
 But how much wiser now I am!  
 Ere I commence a fight,  
 I prudently draw out my *pen*;——  
*A Challenge*, you may think, to write;—  
 No; no;—to write an *Epigram*.



N<sup>o</sup> CVII. *THE DREAM INTERPRETED.*

*(Paraphrased from an Eastern Tale.)*

**A** Red-hot Methodist,—(whose head was cramm'd  
 With notions that most Lay-men must be damn'd,  
 And Preachers all be saved,)—had had a *Dream*,  
 Which comforted, though much it frighten'd him.  
 He dreamt—that, with an Angel he had been  
 To Heav'n; and there had many a Lay-man seen;  
 As well as Priests:—that, afterward, he fell  
 Myriads of miles down to the depths of Hell:

N

Where



Where,—(he could scarce believe it when awake,)—  
He saw a *Bishop fasten'd to the Stake.*

HE came to me next morn, as living near;  
Rubbing his eyes, and still aghast with fear:  
Told me his Dream: and begg'd, if I had wit,  
To give a guess at, or interpret it.

THAT I can do; and yet make no pretence  
To supernat'ral, or superior sense,  
It corresponds with what has been decreed  
By Laws, which 'every one who runs may read.'

Those you beheld in Heav'n, were such as trod  
Religion's paths; and did the Will of GOD:  
Whether or Priests, or Lay-men. *HE* respects  
Our *Acts* \*, and not our Callings, or our Sects.  
Papists, and Protestants,—Arch-Bishops, Popes,—  
Church-men, or Lay-men,—all must found their hopes  
Of heav'n upon their proper merits. None,  
However dignified, who ill have done,  
Can enter there. In Heav'n shall none intrude  
Who lived on Earth a life of turpitude.

\* *Acts*] 'Virtutis laus omnis in actione consistit.' CICERO.

'If we but *do our duty*, Corporal, it will not be enquired of  
us, whether we did it in a black coat, or a red one.'

STERNE.

[As I quote from memory, I may not have given the precise words of either of these elegant Writers; but I am very near the sense.]



No doubt, the Prelate, whom you thought you saw  
In Hell, had sinn'd against GOD's holy Law.  
*How*, matters not. Perhaps instead of Pray'r  
For, and with those committed to his care,—  
Attach'd to temp'ral, and not spiritual things,  
Gold was his Idol, and his Trust in Kings\*.  
Perhaps, in public life a Hypocrite,  
He sinn'd in secret; placed his sole delight  
In some low passion; Drunkenness; or Lust:  
Perhaps, unkind; or possibly, unjust.  
Crimes, which offend in Lay-men; but, the least,  
Is almost bad enough to damn a Priest.  
Because, he should not undertake our weal  
Who is not fill'd himself with pure, religious zeal.

\* ————— O CROMWELL, CROMWELL!  
' Would I had served my GOD with half the zeal  
' I served my King!' —————

SHAKESPEAR. (Cardinal Wolsey.)



N° CVIII. *THE RAREST OF VIRTUES.*

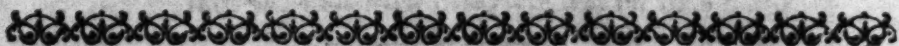
**H**UNDREDS of worthy Men I've known;  
Hundreds of Women, too, of worth:  
But, *thoroughly candid*,—No; not one:  
*Candour* is hardly known on Earth.

N<sup>o</sup> CIX. *MINISTERIAL GRATITUDE.*

**T**HE King on GRASPALL's family bestow'd  
 Rich Gifts, that much his services o'erpaid:  
 But He, insensible how much he owed  
 For Favours, ask'd for more the more he had:

Till his exorbitant demands constrain  
 The King to make denial. Now, refused  
 The twentieth favour, GRASPALL dares complain—  
 'How very, very hardly he is used.'

*Est ita naturâ comparatum, ut antiquiora beneficia subvertas, nisi  
 illa posterioribus cumules. Nam, quamlibet sæpe obligati, si quid unum  
 neget, hoc solum meminerunt quod negatum est.* PLINY.

N<sup>o</sup> CX. *THE FATAL MARRIAGE.*

**W**HEN FICKLE wed his Mistress, (it is said,)  
 That very morning he *forsook* her bed.  
 Since when his love-lorn Spouse cries, in vain,  
 "Curse on all Laws\*. Unmarry me again."

\* POPE makes his abandoned ELOISA say,—

"Curse on all Laws, but those which Love has made."

N<sup>o</sup> CXI.

Nº CXI. THE SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

(From the Latin.)

**A**S in Spring Season *Flowers* blow;—  
As Summer yieldeth *Grain*;—  
The Autumn *Fruit*;—and Winter *Snow*;—  
So Love produces *Pain*.

THE ORIGINAL.

**E**ST spicis *Æstas*,—*violis Ver*,—*Bruma pruinis*,—  
*Autumnus pomis*,—*fletibus uber Amor*.

ANONYMOUS.



Nº CXII. THE EQUIVOQUE.

**W**HEN—' On increase of Family,  
AMICUS gave CORNUTUS joy;—  
The latter said; " 'Twixt you and me \*,  
" My Wife has got a chopping Boy."

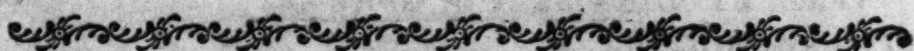
\* I had this story from the present LORD HUNTINGDON, a most amiable and accomplished nobleman; when he told it, in a Company where every body was supposed to understand French, instead of " *Betwixt you and me*," he used the phrase " *Entre nous*," which is rather better.

Nº CXIII.



N<sup>o</sup> CXIII. ON A COXCOMB.

PAUL is the greatest Prig on earth;  
 He takes more care  
 About his Hair  
 Than all his empty head is worth.

N<sup>o</sup> CXIV. A DEATH-BED DIALOGUE.

A RICH, falacious, vain Old Woman,—  
 Who was desirable to no Man,  
 But for her Money,—married One,  
 A fortune-hunting Younger Son,  
 Who after other Women run;  
 Neglecting her, who, (as he said  
 Often enough,) he wish'd were dead.

And this he said so openly,  
 She fear'd that she should poison'd be.

If but her little finger ached  
 She thought the poison wrought; and quaked  
 For fear: well knowing she should go,  
 To pay for all her sins, below,  
 And though her husband proved an evil  
 Great enough; much she fear'd, the Devil

Would

Would prove a greater. Once, when she  
 Had a disorder colicky  
 Which baffled all the Faculty,  
 She told her Doctors, ' She was sure  
 ' She poison'd was, and past all cure.' }

When PRODIGALIS came to see  
 How his Wife did, she formally  
 Charged him with murder. ' You, my Sister,  
 ' I call to witness;—You, too, *Mister*  
 ' *Lawyer*;—*Doctor*;—*Apothecary*;—  
 ' Witness, that since I first did marry  
 ' This worthless Fellow now before ye'—

(PRODIGALIS.)

" *Madam!*—

(WIFE.)

' Nay; let me tell my story;

' It is my last,—

(PRODIGALIS, *aside.*)

" *Pray Heav'n! it may."*

(WIFE.)

' Since when,—O, ill-requited day!—

' I took this Fellow off the Town,

' And married him, I have not known

' Or joys, or comforts: no; not any

' Bridal ones: though I hoped for many.

' Ev'n on my wedding-day he seized

' My Cash; and squander'd as he pleased.

' When

- ‘ When that was gone, he used me ill
- ‘ In hope to kill me :—but, to kill
- ‘ A woman fairly, is not easy.
- ‘ Though I’ve been sometimes sick, and queasy,
- ‘ I’m of good stock ; though old, I’m tough ;
- ‘ And might have yet lived long enough,——’

(PRODICALIS, *aside.*)

“ *Ay ; much too long.*”

(WIFE.)

——‘ Had not this *Man*

- ‘ *Of Blood* contracted so my span
- ‘ *Of Life.*——And *how*?—Barbarian ! say,
- ‘ Why have you ta’en my life away ?
- ‘ Why poison’d a poor, harmless Wife !’

(PRODICALIS.)

“ *Poison’d !—Not I, upon my life.*

“ *Die ; and be d—n’d ;—but, do not say,*

“ *’Twas I that took your life away.*”

(WIFE.)

- ‘ Yes ; you unmanner’d Wretch ; ’twas you
- ‘ Who did it. But I’ll make you rue
- ‘ The deed.—Good Surgeon, when I’m dead
- ‘ Fulfil the promise you have made.
- ‘ If any livid spots appear
- ‘ About my body any where,
- ‘ Within a week, you’ll not neglect
- ‘ To summon Coroners. Dissect——

‘ But



‘ But not before the Week is out :  
‘ Be very sure I’m dead.’——

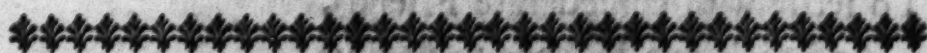
(SURGEON.)

“ No doubt.”

(PRODIGALIS.)

“ Malicious Hag! And so,—if she  
“ In sev’n days time should putrid be,  
“ The fault, forsooth, must fall on me.  
“ Shall I the imputation bear  
“ Of such a crime? No: play me fair.  
“ Instead of waiting seven days  
“ After her death; as Madam says;  
“ I say, dissect her instantly.  
“ Out with your tomahawks; and see  
“ Whether or not she poison’d be.”

SOLVUNTUR RISU TABULÆ.



Nº CXV. FRIENDSHIP HAS ITS BOUNDS.

(From AULUS GELLIUS.)

*Amicus usque ad aras.*

PERICLES being ask’d to swear  
A falsity, his Friend to save;  
Replied:—“ What Men may do, I dare :  
“ Any thing save—the Gods to brave.”

O

Nº CXVI.

## N° CXVI. ON A BATH GAMBLER.

ERST Rook, who lived on the PARADE,  
 Invited Strangers home to dine:  
 And pick'd their pockets:—that is, play'd,  
 At Cards, when *they* were flush'd with wine.

At length so many folk complain'd—

‘ His *hospitality* was sin,  
 Rook, by the Magistrates restrain'd,  
 Cannot at home *take Strangers in*.

~~~~~

N° CXVII. ON THE SAME.

ROOK every noon and night attends  
 The Rooms at very early hour,  
 To settle with confederate Friends,  
 And pick out Pigeons to devour.

~~~~~

N° CXVIII. BRITAIN', SUPERIOUR ADVANTAGES.

I KNOW not who has said—‘ A Man should be,  
 ‘ For sake of Climate, born in ITALY:  
 ‘ For luxury of Table he should live  
 ‘ In FRANCE. ’Tis there that Cöoks and Gluttons  
 ‘ thrive:

‘ And



‘ And when to Dust he would return again,  
‘ He might without regret in triftful SPAIN \*.’

I say, he’s happiest who first draws breath  
In BRITAIN: lives here: and here meets his death.  
I know no better Clime †: and, if to be  
Free is a blessing, where is Man so free?  
As to the luxuries of Living, where  
Is greater plenty, or is better fare?  
Since die all must, we all must wish to die  
Where it may be—in perfect liberty;  
As here in ENGLAND. Here we’re let to pray  
Just as we please: what creed we will we say:  
And go to Heav’n, each his peculiar way.

\* ‘ ITALIA *para nacer*, FRANCIA *para vivir*, ESPANA  
*para morir.*’

† The goodness of our Climate will not be granted me by Invalids, nor by those who give into the present pernicious mode of *excluding fresh air* from their Apartments. But, it will be gratefully acknowledged by those to whom nature has given a vigorous constitution, and common sense to keep it so, by frequently ventilating their Rooms. By preserving a proper temperature of air within doors, and putting on warm cloathing when we go abroad, we may brave the most inclement season this island is subject to.

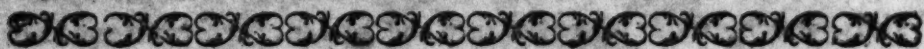
One of our Kings (I believe it was JAMES) said to an Ambassador vaunting of his own superior climate, —“ I question if  
“ there be a Country in the World where one can take so many  
“ hours exercise in the day, so many days in the year, as one can  
“ in BRITAIN.” An observation (as far as my experience goes) not less just than shrewd. The advantages of milder evenings and mornings, which the Inhabitants of more Southern Latitudes enjoy, are dearly paid for by the intense heat of the Mid-day Sun.



N<sup>o</sup> CXIX. ON A POEM OF LORD CHESTERFIELD'S  
BEING HANDED ABOUT AS AN "IMPROMPTU".

STANHOPE, the vaineſt Wit in Town,  
Pretends he can *in-promptu* write.—  
That is,—at morning he ſits down  
To *pen* the Stanzas of the night.

• DR. JOHNSON has done well not to insert "*Impromptu*" in his Dictionary. The vulgar application of this word is a barbarous solecism: an absolute perversion of its Latin Sense; which is '*tedious, slow, and dilatory.*' The French, indeed, have so spelt the word, in defiance of just Etymology, because '*Impromptu*' would have sounded harshly in their language: but, why should we give value to their base Coin, when we are at liberty to stamp rich Roman Ore.



N<sup>o</sup> CXX. NO TIME LOST.

A Tradesman, jealous of his Wife, pretended  
He was at point of death, and recommended—  
'His Journeyman for Second-Husband to her,  
'Being an honest Fellow, strong, and steady.'  
She answer'd; "Ay; ay: JOHN's an able Wooer;  
"And we have settled ev'ry thing already."

N<sup>o</sup> CXXI.

N<sup>o</sup> CXXI. ON CURIOSITY AND SECRECY.

From HORACE.

COMMON good-manners should not let us show  
A wish what others secrets are to know :  
But, let nor Wine, nor ev'n Resentment wrest  
Them from us, once committed to our breast.

---

THE ORIGINAL.

*A*RCANUM neque tu scrutaberis ullius unquam :  
Commissumque teges et vino tortus et ira.



N<sup>o</sup> CXXII. ON A HEN-PECK'D HUSBAND.

GRIZZLE not bound is to invite  
Me, a mere Stranger, to his House.  
But why excuse himself? Is't right  
He should expose his stingy Spouse?



N<sup>o</sup> CXXIII. *THE MOATED GROVE: FIT RENDEZVOUS  
FOR LOVE.*

**T**HIS is a place where CYTHEREA might  
Meet MARS: the Trees would screen her from  
the sight  
Of prying PHOEBUS \*. And old VULCAN † could  
Not pass the Stream to catch them, if he would.

\* *Prying PHOEBUS.*] To relish this Epigram, the Reader must go back to mythologic History, He must recollect, that it was *Day-light*, (or PHOEBUS,) which made known the intrigues betwixt MARS and VENUS. And the foliage of this Grove we must suppose so thick as to exclude every ray of light.

† *Old VULCAN.*] As VULCAN, in the language of Fable, means *Fire*, the Poet interposes *Water*, as an insuperable barrier. The epithet '*old*' I have given gratuitously to the Husband, in extenuation of the Wife's Crime.—No offence to Morality, I hope;—nor to Philosophy; nor Religion. Had VULCAN been of a suitable age to VENUS, not Beauty itself should have bribed me to palliate her Incontinence,

---

 THE ORIGINAL.

## DE LUCO AMÆNO.

**H**IC, Cytherea, tuo poteris cum Marte jacere:  
Vulcanus prohibetur aquis; Sol pellitur umbris.

N<sup>o</sup> CXXIV.



Nº CXXIV.

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

(Paraphrased from the Latin.)

**T**HO' PHOEBUS could not penetrate the *Grove*,  
And shame the Pair in their illicit love;—  
Although he could not witness their Embrace;  
Would he not see them going to the place  
Of Rendezvous? And surely he would guess  
What, 'twixt two such, must be the business.

When VULCAN heard of it, d'you think a *Stream*  
Would prove sufficient obstacle to him?  
The fire which rages in a Cuckold wou'd  
Dry up the waters of the widest flood.  
Have you forgot what VULCAN did of old  
To the SCAMANDER \*: as by HOMER told?

\* The River SCAMANDER: in which HOMER's Hero would  
have been drowned, if VULCAN had not dried it up.

---

THE ORIGINAL.

**N**O N aqua Vulcanum, non Solem pelleret umbra  
Sylvæ aditum videt hic; Xanthi vada torruit ille.

N<sup>o</sup> CXXV. *CUCKOLDS DIFFERENTLY AFFECTED.*

**T**H<sup>O'</sup> some mad Cuckolds like Vesuvius rage,  
Which neither time nor seasons can assuage,  
Others there are so tame, so still, and hush,  
They have not fire enough to make them *blush*.

N<sup>o</sup> CXXVI. *RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY DECLINED.*

**N**ON-ORTHODOX would fain dispute with me  
About the Creed: in hope I will forsake it.  
I'll not accept his challenge readily.

My Faith is firmly fix'd: why should I shake it?

N<sup>o</sup> CXXVII. *ON THE SAME SUBJECT.*

**W**HAT folly 'tis to talk of Mysteries:  
Which GOD design'd should not be understood.  
Yet Man is so perverse, himself to please  
With what may harm him, and can not do good.

N<sup>o</sup> CXXVIII.



N<sup>o</sup> CXXVIII. MISAPPLIED PHRASE.

**M**EN of strong Sense \*—the French call them  
who speak  
New Doctrines boldly; but I call them—*weak*.

\* *Un Esprit fort*—is the French for a Freethinker.



N<sup>o</sup> CXXIX. CONSCIOUS ILL.

**D**OLT does not like me; and he tells folk why.—  
“ I’ve Eagle’s eyes \*; and faults and foibles  
‘ spy.’—  
To find out *his*, one needs but half an eye. }

\* —*In amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum,  
Quam aut aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius.*

HORACE.



N<sup>o</sup> CXXX. ON THE SAME.

**D**OLT does not like me; and the reason is,  
I cannot overlook what’s much amiss.



N<sup>o</sup> CXXXI. THE APOLOGY.

**A** Noble playing with a King at Chés,  
Did what to any of us happen might,  
Against our will, and yet create distress:—

He broke wind backward whilst he play’d a Knight.

P

And,



And, as he found the *King* had noticed it,

To make excuse he was in duty bound:  
He did; by saying, with a ready wit,—

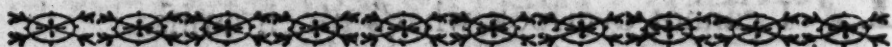
“When a *Knight* moves the trumpet ought to  
“sound.”



N° CXXXII. ON CARD-PLAYING.

SOME are so stupid, some so very wise,  
All mirth, and all amusements they despise:  
They hold the *Theatre* in scorn; and they,  
Not for the world, with *painted Pips* \* would play.  
Cards, like all other kinds of things, abused,  
Pernicious prove: but, when in moderation  
Taken, they are not so. Discreetly used,  
Cards are a Good, because a Relaxation.

\* *Painted Pips*] A scornful Name for *Cards*; importing that  
they are fit only for Children.



N° CXXXIII. POETS CAPRICIOUS.

AS mad with *Love*, or stung by *Jealousy*,  
We chance to be, when ‘*Woman*’ is the theme,  
We either devilize, or deify  
The Sex. We Bards are ever in extreme \*.

\* *Si paulum a summo discessit, vergit ad imum.*

N° CXXXIV.

N<sup>o</sup> CXXXIV. *VULGAR PREJUDICES.*

**W**HETHER a *Protestant*, or *Papist* draws  
A picture of *the Pope*,—the One will paint  
Him Demon like, with Tail, cleft-feet, or claws\* ;—  
T'Other will draw an Angel, or a Saint.

\* *Cleft-feet or claws.*] The great Masters of *Prosopopœia*, who personify even Conscience, and embody Thought, always describe their Demons as having either Claws, or Cloven Feet.

So gross are the conceptions of the herd of Mankind, in this thralldom of Flesh, that, to represent the Sufferings of an evil Conscience,—(than which what Hell can be worse?)—we are constrained to speak by Metaphor. Although the anticipating thought, of what must be the hereafter compunctions of a sinful Soul, will forcibly strike the imagination of intelligent and feeling Persons,—the Million are only to be affected by grosser allusions to the Body; by corporal punishment; by Demons, and avenging Flames.



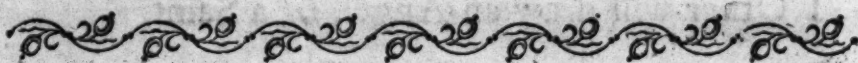
N<sup>o</sup> CXXXV. *THE PROJECTED REFORM.*

*Speſtatum veniunt, veniunt ſpectantur ut ipſæ.*

**A**T Vestry-Meeting, a right worthy Man,  
Though somewhat ſingular, gave in a plan,  
To raiſe the pannels of the Pews ſo high,  
That Beaux and Belles ſhould not each other ſpy:  
' For, Sirs, (ſays He) they come not out of Grace  
' To Church: but meet as at a public Place.'



“ It may be so ; (said One ; ) and is, I fear :  
 “ But let us not prevent their coming here.  
 “ A zealous Pastor may the worst reclaim :  
 “ And send them *Penitents* away who *Sinners* came.”



Nº CXXXVI. THE STRUGGLE.

**H**OW difficult to raise to *Heav'n* the Mind  
 In sight of Angels of *terrestrial* kind !



Nº CXXXVII. TO ONE FEARFUL OF HAVING  
 OFFENDED.

“ **Y**OU hear I've ‘ *TALES AND EPIGRAMS* ’ at  
 “ Press :

“ And fear, your Name may be recorded there.”  
 Relieve your mind from such a vain distress.  
 I often punish, but much oft'ner spare.

Beside ; if what you tell me now be true ;  
 Although I irritable am ; and warm  
 In my Resentments ; I must pardon you.

*Slight the offence, where there is meant no harm.*

F . I N I S .

*2/27/17/1*



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